Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS APRIL 7, 1951

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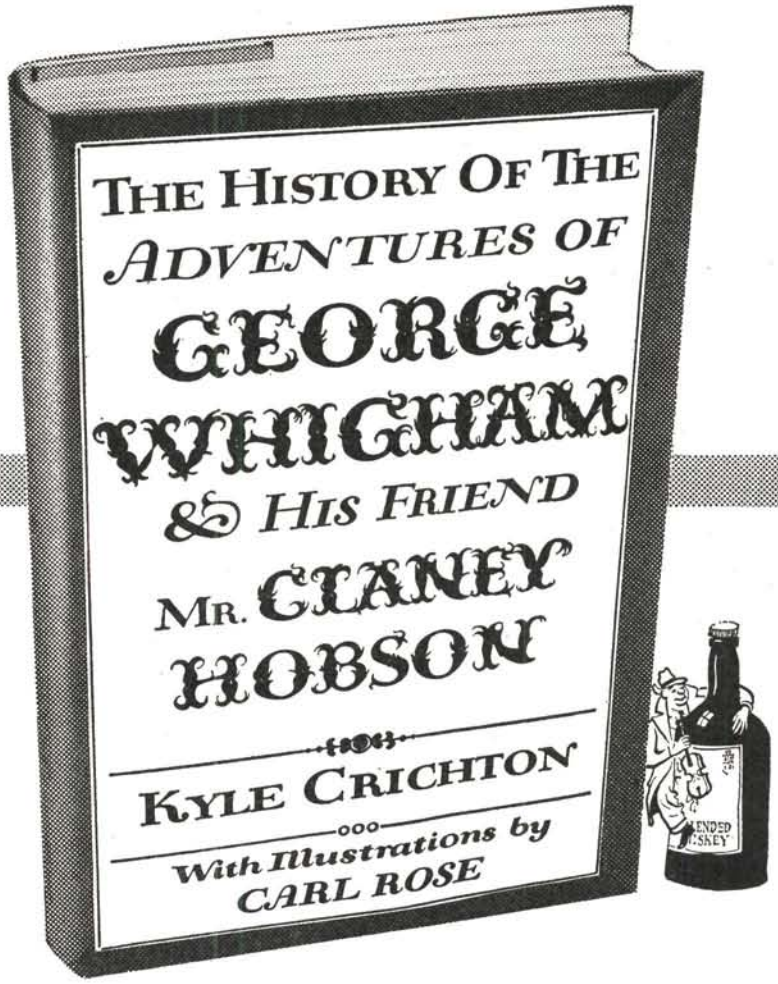

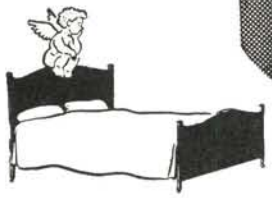

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April 7, 1951

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NOTED IN TRANSIT

GALLIVANTING around Texas, California, Oregon, and Washington for six weeks or more I was amazed once again by the mercurial shifts in temper of the American people—and the phenomenon of how exactly and

simultaneously they react from one end of the country to the other. For example, the entire nation was complacent and not unduly elated by the early successes of the Korean offensive. Then came the devastating counter-attacks by the Chinese Communists—a move for which we might have been thoroughly prepared had our Intelligence heads been up to snuff—and because of a single reverse in a limited campaign on a far-off peninsula the whole population was plunged overnight into the slough of despair. Even the confirmed optimists of Texas wrung their hands despondently and spoke of nameless new disasters in the offing. Then the Red offensive was stopped, and presto! up went everybody's spirits again. The very man who yesterday was ready to close up his whole plant and enlist in the Marines was back to cursing the Government for limiting the supply of strategic materials for swank convertibles and thirty-inch television screens!

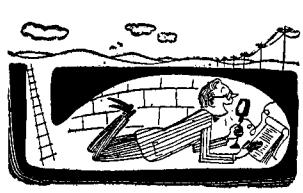
There is no sense criticizing Americans for their excessive bursts of optimism and pessimism—or trying to change them. That's the way we are, and politicians planning future legislation or producers and publishers attempting to gauge the desires of the public six months ahead of time must adjust their thinking accordingly.

CIVIC PRIDE has a new way of manifesting itself in the United States these days. Every big community is convinced that it ranks Number One on the Soviet's list for atomic bombing and needs no urging to advance reasons why. New York, of course, is the financial capital and nerve center. Washington is where the laws and top military decisions are made. Pittsburgh and Chicago are the steel producers. The motors come from Detroit, chemicals and oil from Houston, aircraft from Los Angeles. To show how agitated some folks have become as a result of too much of this loose and irresponsible chatter: one not-too-bright radio comedian is having built for himself a retreat in the desert—a full hundred miles from any plant with the slightest strategic importance —and has ordered a bomb shelter dug deep in the trackless sands! An incredulous foreman prepared to carry out the comedian's instructions, then added as an afterthought, "With his dumb luck, we'll strike oil!"

GENERAL CONFIDENCE in President Truman seems to have hit a new low. Part of this stems from relentless mud-slinging by enemies of the Administration, but a lot is a result of his own stubborn refusal to give the heave-ho to old "pals" who obviously have let him down. Myself, I'm convinced that the job of being President of the United States today is far too great for any one man to handle and, all things considered, wonder what Republican, with the possible exception of General Eisenhower, could fill the post half as well as Harry Truman. Like most other Americans I've met in every corner of the country, I think the Democrats have been in the driver's seat long enough. It *is* "time for a change"—but I'm darned if I'm going to change from something to nothing!

Truman's fall from favor is mirrored in the endless jokes being retailed about him and his retinue. In every city and town I visited people were saving up "new" ones for me. The most vicious stories, I am convinced, were deliberately put into circulation by the disreputable crew that is trying so hard to discredit every true liberal in America. Even the gentler jibes reflect singular disrespect for the brand of leadership we're getting while the chips are down.

There's the story, for instance, of the three most disastrous occurrences



in our history: the Galveston flood, the San Francisco earthquake, and the failure of a certain haberdashery in Kansas City. "Ever see a Truman half dollar?" a man asks you—and flashes a nickel in your face. "Or see the Truman salute?" He assumes the expression of a man who's just heard

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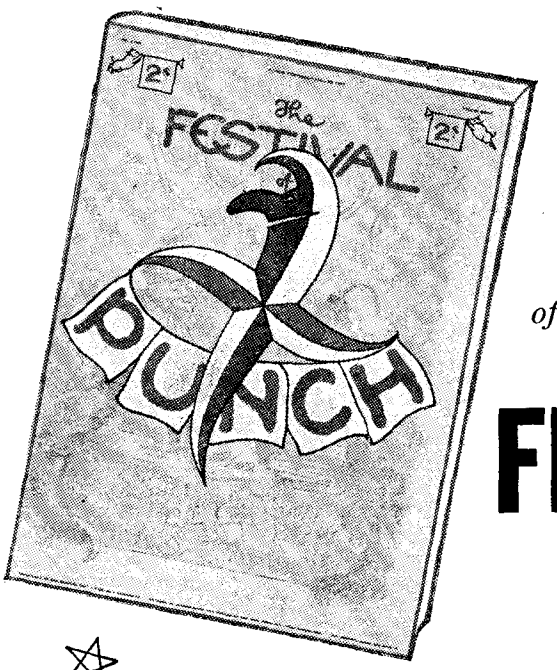
that his wife has burned down the house and absconded with the family fortune and claps a hand against his forehead. In Houston Glenn McCarthy told one of the best. Seems a man from Houston was sharing a table with a Californian who remarked innocently that he heard Truman was going to raise taxes. With no further ado the Houstonian arose and knocked the visitor cold with an uppercut to the jaw. A friend protested: "What did you want to do that for to a man who merely said 'Truman's going to raise taxes'?" "Is *that* what he said?" mumbled the Houstonian, his face flushing with embarrassment. "I thought he said 'Truman was *raised in Texas*'!"

One good thing about all these stories is that the President seems to be taking them in his stride. It's rumored, in fact, that he's actually collecting them, possibly planning to bring them out in book form some day when he no longer occupies the White House. Henry Ford did that once with all the gags about the old Model-T. Didn't hurt his business a bit.

NATIONALLY SYNDICATED columnists are facing increasingly serious competition from local paragraphers who know what their particular readers want and are giving it to them. In Chicago, for instance, the man whose column is quoted most frequently is no Broadway celebrity, but Irv Kupcinet. In Minneapolis it's Cedric Adams. In San Francisco it's Herb Caen. In Houston it's George Fuermann and Carl Little. Young graduates of journalism schools would do well to forget countrywide syndication for a while and seek a job on one of the thriving papers outside of New York. It's not only more fun and a quicker road to a by-line these days; in some cases it actually pays better.

I AM ALWAYS INTERESTED in the ways devised by passengers for whiling away the hours of an extended train journey. Aside from time-honored practices of falling asleep with feet extended just far enough to trip up unwary fellow-travelers, reading the classified ads in the four-page newspaper picked up at the last tank-town stop, pestering the brakeman with questions, and waiting for the diner to open, there are many special ways of killing time. One man I know declares there are exactly thirty-eight telegraph poles to a mile, with a daub of white painted on every thirty-eighth pole. By faithfully counting the poles as you whiz by them you can tell exactly how fast your train is going. I tried this personally and, although I always seemed to miss a pole or two each mile, am ready to testify there is no surer way to provoke eye-strain and a headache.

Another friend has discovered that



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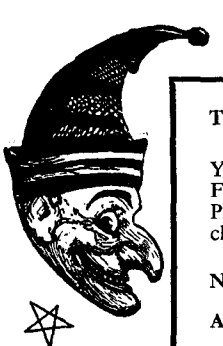

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—SRL Book Review Syndicate

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by religious application to his timetable he can figure out exactly when every scheduled passenger train headed in the opposite direction should pass the one on which he is riding. This enables him to exclaim, "There goes Number Eight! It's eleven minutes late!" Other passengers, of course, are fascinated.

It is my own fate invariably to strike up an acquaintaince with the passenger who has all the hard luck on the trip. His bedroom is always next to the one where a six-month-old infant begins caterwauling at five A.M. He is always shaving his throat when the train careens around the worst curve on the road, with resultant bloodshed and grief. There is always a broken pipeline or a washout or blizzard when he's aboard that makes him miss an important connection. We had one of these birds of ill omen aboard the St. Paul's *Olympian Hiawatha,* who wailed so incessantly we nicknamed him "Moby Dick."

One passenger out of a hundred is actually quaint and old-fashioned enough to read a good book while he's traveling. . . . How do *you* spend time on a long train ride?

DURING THE LOCAL PHASE of the Kefauver investigations work in publishing and pretty nearly every other

business slowed to a standstill while people surrounded television sets to watch every move in the greatest show of the decade. Keep your eye on Senator Kefauver; he's going places—and quickly too. I had the pleasure of meeting him on a TV show just after I returned from the Coast and was deeply impressed. Ken McCormick, that ubiquitous and brilliant ambassador for the house of Doubleday, has had the inside track to the Senator's own book for months. But there will be a rash of "quickies" on the market, before you can say Virginia Hill, that will cover every phase of the inquiry. And couldn't Miss Ginny herself—the press photographers' dream girl—tell a story if she had a mind to! Fellow I know says he'll do her biography if it's his last publication. He has his advertising slogan all figured out: "The Greatest Hill Since Fanny!"

Ex-Mayor O'Dwyer, after two grueling days on the witness stand, enjoyed one good laugh at least when *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross got him on the phone and exclaimed, "I hear you've been in town the past couple of days. What the hell have you been *doing*?" —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Crime, Reform & the Voter

ELMO ROPER and LOUIS HARRIS

"BAD OFFICIALS are elected by good citizens who do not vote" is the way George Jean Nathan once described a situation whose grave dangers for the American people have been vividly dramatized by the recent cross-country hearings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver.

Politically speaking, the United States might well be described as a dog wagged by a tail. In a very real sense we are a nation of minority rule, because a majority of our people abstain from politics, abdicating in favor of a few professional politicians and their coteries of insiders and hangers-on.

It isn't that people don't believe in the process of free elections. It is simply that they surrender the process to the politicians and party hacks through default. Yet in a series of surveys studying this problem the writers have found that the American people cherish the right to vote more than any other liberty. When put to a choice more people would rather give up such inviolate rights as their freedom of speech, assembly, and religion than abandon free elections. Unfortunately, many of the same people who find the right to vote so precious have never been inside a polling booth. For example, just last November the elections used up thousands of lines of newsprint, pushed virtually everything else off the front pages, and caused a multitude of personal arguments. But for all the sound and fury, some 56 per cent of the voters stayed at home on election day. Just over forty-two million out of some ninety-five million eligibles took the trouble to vote.

This must have been a strange sight to people in Western Europe, for since their liberation in 1945 between 70

and 95 percent of their eligible voters have turned out. Here in America, however, such lethargy at the polls is old hat. At least four out of every ten people who are over twenty-one years of age simply have *never* taken the trouble to vote. Depending on the year, between 35 and 50 per cent of the people always decide what kind of a government we will have here. The rest of the population, largely by self-choice, in effect disenfranchises itself.

As deplorable as this state of political affairs might be, however, it is also true that more people participate in voting than in any other part of the political process. And, as any successful office holder will testify, while the vote may be crucial, it is neither the end-all nor the beginning of the political process.

As a matter of fact, it might well be that voting is caught squarely between two other forms of political activity, which seriously limit and in some cases badly warp the meaning of elections. At one extreme—at the beginning—is the "king-making" activity, in which a relatively few people decide who the opposing candidates from both parties are going to be. At the other extreme—nearly the end-product—is the lobbying side of government, in which, again, a relatively few individuals influence the behavior and voting habits of our public officials. An individual voter might start out with the noblest visions of what he thinks our democratic government ought to be. But by the time he has chosen between two candidates he either doesn't know about or doesn't like, and by the time his representative has succumbed to a series of pressures in the legislature or in Congress, government, as he conceived it, appears to be considerably changed.

Last year in a study sponsored by the Standard Oil Company (N. J.) we decided we would take a closer look at political activity in this country and measure the extent to which people do take part in the political process.

AFTER a good deal of probing into the political process, we came up with what we believe are six key facets of political activity. We then assigned a certain number of points for each activity so that our index appeared as in box 1 on page 8.

We interviewed a nationwide cross section of 8,000 people over twenty-one years old and found out to what extent they had participated in these phases of political activity. The results obtained are shown in box 2 on page 8.

At first glance, it would seem to be relatively easy to get a point score of six or more. After all, all one has to do to qualify as being politically "very active" is to have voted in every election for the past four years (4 points), belong to at least one organization that takes a stand on public issues (1 point), and to have written a letter to one's Congressman (1 point). Another combination might be to discuss public issues in your own living room (1 point), try to convince your guests you are right (1 point), make a point of telling your Congressman or Assemblyman that you are in favor of some bill (1 point), make a small contribution to a campaign (1

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1. Scoring System for Political Activity

	Score Points Credited	Total Possible Score Per Activity
Voting		
Once or more in last 4 years	1	3
Three times or more	1	
Five times or more	1	
Discussing public issues		
Discusses frequently and takes an equal share in the conversation	1	2
Discusses frequently and usually tries to convince others he is right	1	
Belonging to organizations that take stands on public issues		
Belongs to one or more organizations	1	2
Belongs to two or more	1	
Written or talked to Congressman or other public official to give own opinion on a public issue		
One or more times in past year	1	2
Two or more times in past year	1	
Worked for election of a political candidate in last four years	2	2
Contributed money to a party or candidate in last four years	1	1
TOTAL POSSIBLE SCORE		12

point), and ring a few doorbells during the weeks before election (2 points).

It appears to be simple enough to qualify as politically active. But only one out of every ten persons has done even this minimum amount of work in politics. Briefly, here is the extent to which people exercise their right to political activity in this country:

Voting. Some 75 per cent of our cross section claimed they had voted once or more in the past four years; 47 per cent three times or more; and 21 per cent five times or more. We have good evidence to indicate that this is more a wishful than an accurate estimate.

Belonging to Organizations. Only 31 per cent report that they belong to organizations which take stands on public issues, and another 7 per cent say they belong to two or more such groups. This must come as disappointing news to the gentleman who coined the phrase that we "are a nation of joiners." The fact is that only a minority of the people belong to political or semi-political organizations.

Discussing Public Issues with Others. Some 21 per cent of the people say they discuss public issues frequently and take at least an equal share in the conversation, while only 6 percent say they try to do some "missionary" work in the frequent discussions they have on the state of the nation. Either the people are much too busy with their own private affairs, or perhaps they simply aren't overly impressed with the meaning and significance of the "great debates" which were supposed to have been rocking the nation in recent years.

Writing or Talking to a Public Official. Only 13 per cent report they have written a letter or talked with a Congressman or other public official on a public issue within the past year; and another 7 per cent say they wrote or spoke to the representative two or more times. We have heard a good deal in the past about the "floods" of mail which have descended on Congress. And while it doesn't take much, perhaps, to inundate a Congressman's overworked office, a singularly small number of Americans appear to have taken the trouble to register their thoughts with their elected representatives.

Worked in a Political Campaign. Some 11 per cent of the people report they have worked for the election of a political candidate in the last four years. A traditional cry of the "outs" in politics is that the machine is too well entrenched, too powerful to buck. If that is so then the machines must have their entire army manning the front lines, with very thin or non-existent reserves. For 11 per cent—when divided between two major parties and spread across the country—doesn't add up to what might be called a comprehensive network of political organizations.

Contributed Money to a Campaign. A total of 7 per cent of the people say that they gave some money to a party or a candidate in the past four years. Last fall, it will be recalled, literally millions of dollars were reported to have been built up in political war chests. If that was so then rarely have so few contributed so much as have the people who contribute to political campaigns.

These percentages of people who do these various political deeds are, of course, based simply on what people *say* they have done. If there is a bias in any direction it is fairly certain to be on the inflationary side. People usually claim to have done more than they actually did. If that reasoning is sound then we are forced to conclude that to call even 10 per cent of the American people politically-active animals is exaggeration of sorts and undoubtedly a generous statement.

But if it is assumed that 10.4 per cent of the adult population are in the Very Active Group, what is the complexion of this group? Who make up the campaign workers, the voters, the contributors, the letter-writers, the persuaders, the joiners—the politically influential in our midst? Our survey results show that the Very Active politically tend to be: men more than women; older people more than younger; prosperous people more than poor; college graduates more than the less educated; professional and white-collar people more than laborers.

For instance, while roughly 50 per cent of the population are men, some 64 per cent of all the Very Active are men. While only 4 per cent of the people are in the "prosperous" economic group, some 14 per cent of all the politically active people stem from this top income bracket. While 19 per cent say they had some college education, some 46 per cent of all the Very Active people politically had some college training. And, finally, while a bare 3 per cent of the population as a whole are classified as executives, 11 per cent of the Very Actives are executives.

IT is evident that with fewer than half the people voting and with hardly more than 10 per cent of the people engaging in active politics the question of who these people are politically is an important one. This is immediately obvious when the politically Very Active group is compared with the population as a whole (box 3, page 9).

In the population as a whole the Democrats outnumber the Republi-

2. Political Activity Score of the American People

	Per cent
6 or more points (very active)	10
4-5 points (active)	17
2-3 points (inactive)	35
0-1 points (very inactive)	38

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cans by a wide margin—some 16 percentage points. However, among the politically Very Active people, the Republicans reverse the trend and hold a 4 percentage point lead. In abbreviated form these over-all figures illustrate a major finding of our study: the Republicans overcome the handicap of having fewer party followers by having more of almost everything that counts politically.

For example, while only 6.4 per cent of the Democratic Party voters report they have made contributions to a campaign in the last four years, some 10 per cent of the Republicans say they gave some money. Whereas 10 per cent of the Democrats have worked in political campaigns over the past four years, over 14 per cent of the Republicans have. And while 38 per cent of the Democrats belong to at least one organization which takes stands on public issues, some 44 per cent of the Republicans are members of these kinds of organizations.

Added to this is the fact that, while only 17 per cent of Democrats have written to their Congressman or some other public official on some issue in the last year, 25 per cent of the Republicans have done the same. And whereas 35 per cent of the Democrats in our sample frequently discuss public affairs when visiting with friends, 44 per cent of the Republicans engage in such conversations.

3. *Affiliations of Politically Active*

	Politically Very Active 100%	*Population As a Whole* 100%
Democrats	39.8	48.9
Republicans	43.8	32.7
Independents	16.4	18.4

All these results point in the same direction and are significant. Republicans tend to contribute money, work in campaigns, belong to more organizations, communicate with public officials, and discuss issues more frequently than do Democrats. Clearly the Republicans put more time and effort into their politics than do Democrats.

But the sharpest difference between the political activity patterns of the two parties lies in the voting behavior of their members. Our survey indicates the Republicans have brought out 61 per cent of their potential voters at least once over the past four years while the Democrats have been able to get only 42 per cent of their party followers out to the polls this often. Of course, despite this large disparity in the voting efficiency of the two parties, the Democrats have still managed to maintain a national voting edge of approximately 53 to 47 per cent. However, this figure is heavily weighted by the "solid" Democratic South. Excluding the South the Republicans come out on top in the rest of the country by a margin of roughly 54 to 46 per cent—"come out on top," that is, in producing at the polls the largest *percentage* of those claiming affiliation with the party.

The important background fact—obtained from the survey—is that the Democrats hold a 60-40 edge in party affiliation among the eligible voters of the country. And for the Republicans to come anywhere close to winning, they must turn out at the polls a much higher percentage of their voters than the Democrats.

As a matter of fact, our survey results indicate that there is a wide disparity in turn-out between different groups in the population. And on this disparity hinges the outcome of most of our elections.

Box 4 on this page illustrates just how different various groups in our midst are in their voting behavior.

4. *Percent of Voters Who Voted Once in the Past Four Years*

	Per cent
Total population	52
By Occupation	
Housewife	44
Professional	74
Executive	75
White-Collar	63
Labor	47
Farmer	52
By Sex	
Men	57
Women	45
By Age	
21-34 years old	40
35-49	59
50 and over	60
By Economic Status	
Prosperous	77
Upper middle income	63
Lower middle income	56
Poor	37
By Education	
Grade school or less	43
High school	52
College	66
By size of place	
Over 100,000	52
2,500 to 100,000	57
Under 2,500	48
By Region	
Northeast	62
Midwest	56
South	39
Far West	48

JUST as in the case of general political activity the groups most likely to vote are the professional, executive, white-collar, men, older people, the more prosperous, better educated, and people in the Northeastern section of the United States.

What is more, as it turns out, the groups which are most likely to vote on election day also happen to be strongholds of Republican power. Box 5, page 34, indicates the extent to which groups most likely to vote Republican turn out at the polls.

By the same token, the most Democratic-inclined groups are least likely to turn out at the polls—box 6, page 35.

Because there is such a disparity in the degree of turn-out between those normally Republican and normally Democratic segments of the population the major party vote usually turns out to be very close. The basic pattern of party allegiance in this country is drastically altered when the *voting* members of the respective parties are added up.

Box 7 on page 34 demonstrates how the Republicans are able to transform a wide headstart of the Democrats into a very close electoral situation.

The results clearly indicate that the

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Humor. *One of the greatest thinkers of all time, a Greek named Aristotle, carefully analyzed tragedy but shied away from a diagnosis of comedy. More intrepid souls in later ages, including our own Max Eastman and Constance Rourke, have essayed definitions with dubious success. Now a Tennessee classics professor, Albert Rapp, has explored the literature of the ancients to find "The Origins of Wit and Humor." Louis Untermeyer reviews his book on page 12. Probably most failures to parse humor are explained by Shakespeare's observation that "the property of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it." In modern times only one clown has spoken a language universal enough to provoke people in every land to laughter—Charlie Chaplin, subject of Theodore Huff's new biography. The books by Roger Price, John McNulty, David Dodge, VIP, and others reviewed this week are representative of the latest humorous writing.*

Life & Times of a Clown

CHARLIE CHAPLIN. By Theodore Huff. New York: Henry Schuman. 345 pp. $4.50.

By Arthur Knight

FEW MOVIE personalities—indeed, few celebrities in any field—have ever received on the one hand such high critical praise and on the other such bitter public calumniation as Charles Chaplin. His film career, which won him immediate worldwide fame and popularity, has been repeatedly punctuated with the squalls of scandal, with charges that range between immorality and Bolshevism. For years the attacks were directed at the man himself. Despite the personal attacks, his films continued to amuse and beguile and endeared "Charlie," the screen personality, to vast rapturous audiences. In recent years, however, and especially with "Monsieur Verdoux," the attack has turned on Chaplin's pictures as well.

Why? Why has the screen's greatest comedian been subject to constant persecution in the courts, in the newspapers, in his private life? The answer is not to be found in Theodore Huff's new book, "Charlie Chaplin," admirable though it is. Mr. Huff, instead, has prepared a thoroughly readable, admirably factual account of Chaplin's life, omitting none of the sordid details but highlighting the comedian's splendid screen achievements. This is no extended *New Yorker* "Profile," such as the recent books on W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers, filled with chatty, humorous anecdotes—and factual errors. The writing is sober, the research painstaking and complete. The book tells nearly everything there is to tell about Chaplin—everything, that is, except the *why*.

The plan of this book is simplicity itself. It pursues the Chaplin chronology step by step from his birth in London in 1889 through to the recent re-release of "City Lights." His hard and heart-breaking childhood in the London slums, his stage debut at the age of seven, his early successes in vaudeville are all traced patiently and with authority. Then, as Chaplin entered the movies, each film is described in detail, with a preliminary statement as to its importance and place in the artist's career. When the career is interrupted for travels, marriages, or court actions those, too, are examined. Magazine or newspaper accounts serve generally for sources.

This may sound somewhat superficial, but anyone who has delved at all into the beclouded Chaplin legend can testify to its difficulty. Not only are documents of his early years hard to come by, but the comedian himself—or early publicity releases—has further confused the record. According to one account, for example, Chaplin was born at Fontainebleau, in France, while his parents were touring with a band of strolling players. Lack of formal education was undoubtedly a source of some embarrassment to the man who achieved universal fame at the age of twenty-five, and, aside from tributes to his mother, a genteel mystery has been permitted to shroud that phase of his early formative years. Dozens claim to have "discovered" Chaplin; Huff has sorted patiently through these claims to divide that distinction between Mack Sennett and Adam Kessel, the man who actually signed Chaplin up for Keystone. Even the exact number, titles, and dates of the early Keystone Chaplins

THE AUTHOR: In spite of a past and present of solid accomplishment, Theodore Huff insists he is a frustrated man. (He doesn't look it; of rather large, comfortable build, youthful, pleasantly blond, he seems quite centered in life.) But he defines the frustration carefully; from the beginning of his interest in movies as a boy he has wanted to *make* films, but most of his working life has been, as he puts it, sidetracked into writing and teaching about them. He has made some, too, but "always the wrong things at the wrong moments—an avant-garde picture when the fashion had swerved to documentaries—and so on and vice versa." He was born in Englewood, New Jersey; Fort Lee, one of the early centers of picture-making before Hollywood absorbed the whole industry, was nearby. Young Theodore hung about and saw pictures being made—and that was that: a life-interest was born. Chaplin admits that the children of America discovered "Charlie," and Huff says he was one of the young discoverers. He can't remember when he became "historically conscious" of the importance of films; but his encyclopedic memory seems to have been at work always. There are, for instance, no records of casts in Chaplin films before "The Kid," 1921—but his own memory provided for the present book invaluable documenting. He has worked variously: five years with New York's Museum of Modern Art film library, several years with the motion picture division of the National Archives in Washington; he has been assistant professor of motion pictures at New York University and taught at the University of California and New York's City College. At present he is working with the Signal Corps in Astoria, L. I., on Army films. He has done some TV work, and it interests him; but, speaking of TV, he thinks movies won't die—even TV will need them. He also thinks the world right now lacks and needs a new great clown of Chaplin stature. And he wants most of all (besides to make films) to write a definitive history of the movies, for he feels there is no one complete *objective* history of this social-linked art, though he says a little ruefully—"perhaps it's too big a subject for any one man to tackle." But after listening to Mr. Huff and his competent discourse on this, his ruling passion—we're willing to make book on that book. —K. S.

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had been debatable until Huff's careful study, so many of them having been recut or retitled and issued as completely new subjects. His index now lists them all, along with alternate titles and, from his own vast knowledge of the period, their casts. Credit sheets were unknown in the days of the Keystone company. Huff has also quoted liberally from little-known early writings by Chaplin himself.

In "Charlie Chaplin" at last the facts are on the record and in good order. If Mr. Huff has done nothing more, we must at least be grateful for this. Books on Chaplin have been numerous, both in this country and especially abroad. While often more perceptive of the spirit of "Charlie"—or "Charlot" as he is called in France—they were invariably crammed with such choice bits of misinformation, such gaps in knowledge of both Chaplin and Chaplin's films, and such plain wild guesses as often to be self-invalidating. Huff's book provides a sound factual basis for all such works in the future.

And the work remains to be done. For Huff is no theoretician. His book is a presentation of facts, not an interpretation of the artist. Although early in the book Huff states, "We must face certain inexplicable aspects of his private life objectively . . . the better to understand him," there is small evidence of that understanding. It is apparent that with "Modern Times," Chaplin's crucial film, Huff began to lose sympathy with his subject. No longer is he simply "Mr. Funnylegs," the comedian with the flawless technique who can make us laugh or cry at will. Chaplin himself had the insight to see the road his character had chosen, had seen where the revolt always implicit in "Charlie" was leading. While preparing "Modern Times" he said, "I have seen how, not to change him one bit, but how to emphasize the traits that are *my* view of him. In the new film he will not be quite so 'nice.' . . . I'm sharpening the edge of the character so that people who've liked him vaguely will have to make up their minds." Huff was not alone in making up his mind against "Charlie," believing this sharpening to be a desertion.

Particularly now in retrospect, however, it is clear that the Chaplin character has remained a constant. By the time it had emerged fully on the screen (in the Essanay series, Chaplin's second year of film making) "Charlie" had a meaning that time could deepen but not change. Always he stood alone, apart, the heroic defender of his inner freedom. In the age of the crowd, of collectivity, of standardization, he was the individualist. Comedy was derived from pitting his feeble strength against all the organized forces of this age—the police, the army, the factory. And tragedy, too. Like Don Quixote, "Charlie" scorned reality for the illusory, sharing the Don's ability to organize and live a full, satisfactory inner life of his own creation.

—*From the book.*

Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan in "The Kid"—"and tragedy, too."

But in the 1930's the world changed, and Chaplin was forced to sharpen the meaning of his character. In an interview with Alistair Cooke he voiced "a genuine danger of the little man's becoming too fragrant, of his soon being Everybody's Little Ray of Sunshine." Chaplin refused to play Everyman at a time when every man was at his neighbor's throat. "My pictures have always been for the underdog," he was to say sometime later; but in "Modern Times" he had already demonstrated that fact beyond all doubt. By the time of "The Great Dictator" the world situation had so worsened that Chaplin was forced, in the last few minutes of the film, to abandon his tramp character completely and speak directly to the audience—a departure for Chaplin and for film-makers in general that might well in its audacity be compared to Beethoven's bursting the bonds of the symphonic form to create the last movement of his Ninth Symphony. And in "Monsieur Verdoux," that misunderstood masterpiece, through its intentionally shocking inversion of moral and social values Chaplin was simply saying again what "Charlie" has said all along—that a society based on greed and cruelty must inevitably crush the common man.

All this is in Chaplin's pictures. More than any other films produced in Hollywood, Chaplin's pictures are his alone. They spring from Chaplin himself, from his mentality, from his background. Scattered through this new book of Theodore Huff's are clues, hints, indications of where they came from—just as scattered through Chaplin's films are hints and indications of the man himself. Brought together, they may yet reveal the enigma of the creative artist, the enigma of Charlie Chaplin. And why it is that vast segments of the very audience for which he created his great comedies have so bitterly turned against him.

Arthur Knight, formerly assistant curator of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, is an instructor at the CCNY Institute of Film Techniques and a frequent contributor to SRL Goes to the Movies.

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Where Little Jokes Come From

THE ORIGINS OF WIT AND HUMOR. By Albert Rapp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 208 pp. $2.75.

By Louis Untermeyer

ALBERT RAPP, a member of the Department of Classical Languages and Archaeology at the University of Tennessee, has succeeded in hitting humor on the head with a blackjack instead of a bladder, administering a blow (bam!) in the midriff, a couple of (zowie!) black eyes, and (bop!) a sad, pseudoscientific pratfall. His treatise is a sorry collection of old wheezes tricked out with a top dressing of analytical jargon. What he says is often reasonable, but it is also repetitive and most elementary. The sentences are "snappy," the references are briskly topical, the classical allusions are "cutely" modernized. The method is indicated in the introduction, which begins: "Long ago there was an Egyptian king by the name of Amasis. King Amasis had a notorious routine. Every day he would get up before dawn, go to his office, and work like a Trojan the whole morning long. When the noon-day whistle blew he stopped, pushed aside a heap of unsigned papyri, punched the sun dial, and quit. He was through for the day."

Another page of ancient wisecracks and the professor is ready for his main theme. To wit: "Laughter was born out of hostility. If there had been no hostility in man, there had been no laughter (and, incidentally, no need for laughter). All the current types of wit and humor retain evidence of this hostile origin. Some more clearly than others. But in all it is there to see, if you are willing and able. Particularly, willing. Which a great many are not."

Mr. Rapp's stylistic vagaries are almost as incongruous as his juxtapositions. An account of primitive man's "discovery" of ridicule ("the atomic bomb of antediluvian days") leads to this profound conclusion: "If you do not think that ridicule, spontaneous or deliberate, is a powerful weapon I suggest that you walk down the streets of your city fully attired in the garb of a Hindu. This is for men. The women, as we all know, will walk anywhere in whatever is suggested to them by their style leaders in Paris or New York or Hollywood. They have much more independence in such matters."

Mr. Rapp then returns to his neolithic world and a hypothetical caveman (Mr. Rapp calls him a "swain") who had defeated his club-swinging rival by ridicule. "He and others like him were pacing mankind in a new and significant field of development. A new law had been discovered, though he hardly realized it. Suppose we call it the law of refreshment and word it as follows: *that which is latently comic may be made laughable once again, if the spectator can be persuaded to look at it anew or in some fresh way.*"

This announcement is followed by three jokes—one about an "aristocratic Bostonian" and her chauffeur; one about America's "free and easy alimony laws"; and one about a Negro maid who said that her mistress ("an attractive young thing, about to be married") was taking a course in "domestic silence." It is only too evident that the professor cannot make up his mind whether his audience consists of refugees from the *Psychoanalytical Quarterly* or the devotees of the jokes in *The Reader's Digest*.

As a master of ceremonies Mr. Rapp also explains his jokes. He begins, for example, with a riddle, building it up this way: "'Little animal. Lots of fur. And a great big heart. What am I?' Answer: 'A skunk.' At this answer you would be furious. It didn't solve it. It didn't make sense. 'A skunk? What do you mean? Where does the great big heart come in?' 'He would give you his last scent!'" This is the ground-plan on which several pages later Mr. Rapp proceeds to erect another structure, changing the riddle to a narrative: "It was spring again. All through the woodlands hearts were a-bustin' with love. Mamma Skunk and Papa Skunk held hands and smiled. Their young son, Horace, was courting, and at last he seemed to be serious about something. 'But, Horace,' said Ophelia, 'how do I know you love me?' 'Darling,' said Horace, 'all I have is yours. Why, I'd give you my last cent.'"

It may be said that the technique of interlarding jokes, conundrums, and gags with analyses is permissible; Freud, for one, did it in "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious." Mr. Rapp obviously knows the work. He cites the explorations in this field by such authorities as Ludovici, Eastman, Aristotle, Bergson, Bergler, Carritt, Dumas, McComas, McDougall, Sully, Reik, and others. But the tone (as well as the treatment) is all wrong. The author, underscoring his "telling phrases," putting his punch-lines into italics, and adopting a Rotary entertainer's manner, drops—or dives—from comedy into catastrophe. The writing in "The Origins of Wit and Humor" is anything but fresh or funny. There remains Mr. Rapp's thesis—and it, too, has been said before and said better.

Louis Untermeyer's books include a collection of "The Best Humor of 1949-1950."

—From the book.

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Avoidists—Salute!

IN ONE HEAD AND OUT THE OTHER. By Roger Price. New York: Simon & Schuster. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

By Lee Rogow

HARDLY a moon waxes without the reviewers saluting a "sensitive" first novel, a "penetrating" biography, or a "disturbing" book of verse. But as the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, it's a hell of a long time between laughs. A good funny book is as rare a publishing event as a historical novel about a virgin. The current manufacturers could be counted by Three-Fingered Brown on one hand. With Benchley and Cuppy unhappily gone there remain only S. J. Perelman, Max Shulman, and Frank Yerby, and only two of those are doing it on purpose.

It is for this reason that I command ruffles and flourishes for Roger Price, whose new book for people who just want to lie down has been worn to tatters from being clutched to this bosom. Funny fellow, this Price. As nearly as I can make out from his free-association autobiography he got into the funny business as an actor on radio programs. Then he began doing monologues on various aspects of civilization in various saloons in Hollywood and Manhattan. Paul and Grace Hartman put him into a revue called "Tickets, Please," which went nowhere in particular, and it was presumably between the acts of this show that Price wrote "In One Head and Out the Other."

None of this is especially significant, because there are thousands of radio actors and hundreds of people who have appeared in revues, but Roger Price is the only one of them who has written a funny book. A picture of the author on the cover shows him to look like Rex Harrison without his toupee, that is if Rex Harrison were a night-club comic instead of a distinguished leading man.

The general theme of the work is the author's philosophy of "Avoidism." The principle of Avoidism as defined by the author is uncomplicated: An Avoidist simply avoids things. Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am." The Avoidist says, "I won't, therefore I ain't gonna."

The marching slogan of the Avoidist is "A limp mind in a flabby body." When the Avoidist hears somebody beginning a conversation he Avoids it by slipping in one of these tested remarks, guaranteed to produce partial paralysis lasting up to four minutes: "I sure wish I'd kept up with my piano lessons when I was a kid" or "I got this suit three years ago in Pittsburgh for fifty dollars."

"Neanderthal Man."

—*From "In One Head and Out the Other."*

"Uncle Harold."

The Avoidist carries a watch, an hourglass filled with cement, and sleeps on an Ugly Rest mattress. He is, in short, nobody that you would care to meet, which makes it even, because he doesn't want to meet you.

Roger Price's handbook on Avoidism is one of the most useful volumes published this year. Read it through and you will know the secret of avoiding everything that plagues mankind in this tidy little world he has arranged for himself. Price tells you how to avoid all—except laughter.

Lee Rogow is a contributor of articles and stories to national magazines. He composes light verse and has written operettas for children and is now at work on a musical comedy for Broadway production.

McNultois Made Easy

A MAN GETS AROUND. By John McNulty. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 180 *pp.* $2.75.

By Thomas Sugrue

IT CAN be considered reasonably inevitable that John McNulty, being Irish and a horseplayer, would eventually get to both Eire and Kentucky. It can also be considered inevitable that, in view of the double burden of anguish and anxiety carried by a Celt with a two-dollar window in his head (one load for his nativity, one load for his obsession), he would wind up in a hospital with a heart attack. From a statistician's standpoint it is therefore rewarding to report that since the appearance of his last book, "Third Avenue, New York," McNulty has been to the ould sod, to the bluegrass region around Lexington, and to Bellevue Hospital where he spent a short month coaxing his blood into remaining a fluid. Carefully edited reports of these journeys added to verbatim accounts of normal happenings along Third Avenue and around Seventy-second Street, where the McNulty family now lives, are available in this current collection of McNultois, a language so curiously like that which Americans speak that it might be the same tongue.

As an Irishman McNulty is a Narrowback, which means that he was born in this country and was spoiled rotten by his folks, so that he was denied the opportunity of going to work on a farm at the age of twelve and thus did not develop from this privilege the broad shoulders and short back of the native Mick. The Narrowback Irishman by a habit of leaning his elbows on tables and bars has pushed his shoulder blades together and become a tailor's problem; in McNulty's case it is almost impossible to knit so much as a sweater that will fit the man. Thus when he got a windfall of four thousand expendable dollars and took off with his wife for Eire he was a marked man, someone the gentlemen in charge of the national ploughing championship trials were bound to overlook. (They did.)

He further managed to handicap himself by vowing not to drink and not to talk politics while in the land of the leprechaun. As a consequence he found himself looking at the Book of Kells, listening to Gaelic storytellers, visiting old ladies, and entering the great Irish conspiracy to replace aspirin, penicillin, and bed-rest with a certain medicine distilled from grain. It wasn't a bad trip, though, all

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in all; at least the McNultys came home without a leprechaun.

Travel being what it is—a poison more infectious than laughter—the Kentucky trip followed the Irish adventure. It established one thing: McNulty has now seen, felt, and talked with thoroughbred racing horses, and for the rest of his life he knows what sort of animals are losing his money and can handle the matter directly with them, leaving his friends and his doctor out of it.

With all this cleaned up the reader of "A Man Gets Around" is free to enjoy the McNulty to whom he is accustomed, a man who collects odd facts about odd people, which illuminate these folk and the events of their lives in an odd way. There is the McNulty friend up in Rhode Island, for example, who won a twenty-four-thousand-dollar radio jackpot and lived to very nearly regret it. There is the old lady who was left out of the census, a trick obviously planned by a cunning bureaucracy. There is the fellow who was going to slip a nun some drugs on Fifth Avenue, or so it seemed for a moment. There is finally some alchemy from the pharmaceutical shops of Third Avenue, and here it seems that McNulty may be treading on dangerous ground; like Pythagoras, he has begun to impart portions of the Secret Doctrine and he may find himself if he is not careful exiled to Second Avenue. The Great Man should be careful; we cannot afford to lose him.

—*Joy Griffin West.*

David Dodge—"a bigger shoestring."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

LETTERS

On the slender thread of a line of writing often hangs the plot of a novel or the denouement of a play or story. Margaret Thomsen Raymond, of Chicago, asks you to name the authors and the titles of the following works in which letters play important roles. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 49.

1. A husband by accident slips a letter to his estranged wife under the carpet by the door and so prevents their reconciliation.
2. An American Jew writes what appear to be harmless, friendly letters to his long-time partner in Germany during the rise of Hitler, but they were actually written in revenge for the destruction of his sister by the Nazis.
3. An orphan writes lively letters about college life to the man who has paid for her education but whom she has seen only once—as an elongated shadow in the orphanage hallway.
4. A letter to a woman's husband telling of her crime of forgery is locked in a mailbox to which she has no key.
5. To save his wife from execution a British Colonial allows himself to be blackmailed into purchasing an incriminating letter from her murdered lover's Chinese mistress.
6. A man receives no satisfactory replies to his frantic letters for a replacement part for his tractor, which, with the house he is moving, is stuck in the town's main street.
7. A maidservant writes her family of the dishonorable attentions of her rich young master, but when he finally offers her his hand in marriage she calls him "the greatest and best of men."
8. The boarders in a Parisian pension write to friends in the United States, in England, and in Germany characteristic letters describing their companions in terms that might have astonished the ones described.
9. A great detective finds the letter that the thoroughgoing Paris police could not find because they failed to look in the obvious place.
10. An angry letter from a wife to her husband is intercepted by the woman of whom the wife is jealous because she does not know the other woman is her mother.

Dodging Through Life

20,000 *LEAGUES BEHIND THE 8 BALL. By David Dodge. New York: Random House.* 246 *pp.* $2.95.

By Lionel Olay

WHETHER the current interest in travel books can be traced to the excellence of the product ("Kon-Tiki," "The Lost Continent," and others) or to a deep-seated anxiety with the ever-present present that we all of us live with, David Dodge is a very fortunate middle-aged man. His specialty is making his living from writing about how he makes his living, a gimmick that Ernie Pyle, Henry McLemore, and Earl Wilson — to run the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous—have tried out successfully before him.

Mr. Dodge's passion seems to be travel of the low-budget, shoestring category, and his last three books could have been titled "How My Wife Elva, My Little Daughter Kendal, and My Fat Maid Carmen Saw South and Central America on Slightly Next to Nothing." Since that is obviously an unsuitable title—for one thing it wouldn't leave space on the dust jacket for a humorous drawing—Mr. Dodge has dug not so deep into his trunk and found teasing titles for his books, such as "How Green Was My Father" and "How Lost Was My Week End" and "The Crazy Glasspecker."

This kind of title sells more books, no question about it, and that is what Mr. Dodge has in mind when he sets pen to paper. He wants to sell enough books to bring him enough money to keep traveling on a little bigger shoestring—so that he can have more time to write more books on how he likes to travel so that he can make more money, etc. Where it will all end we can each of us surmise, but, at any rate, for the present we can envy Mr. Dodge and his hardy family their Argentine steaks at ten cents a pound, sympathize with their plight on the Amazon River boat with the brackish drinking water, get angry at Argentine thought control and at Uruguayan customs, Peruvian dollar exchange rates, Chilean transportation, and so on.

To pick up where we left the Dodges at the close of the last chapter, we find them deciding that it is time they moved on from their idyllic existence in Arequipa in the southwest Peruvian desert. Daughter Elva was getting old enough for school, of which there was none, the golf course was being used as a target range for the newly formed Nacional Guard, and

(*Continued on page* 36)

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U. S. A. *Some of the millions of Americans who sat with eyes glued to television screens during the Manhattan run of the Kefauver crime inquiry were startled to hear the name of Malcolm Johnson's "Crime on the Waterfront" introduced. This excellent report on the tie-up of big business, labor unions, and the underworld in the Port of New York is reviewed on page 17. Another book discussed this week, "Washington Confidential," by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, provides readers with more titillation than illumination about crime in the national capital. Frank Tannenbaum's "A Philosophy of Labor" is useful but hardly exhausts its potentialities in examining the role of the union movement today. One book that should interest every American is Edwin G. Nourse's "The Nineteen Fifties Come First," on galloping inflation and the fast-diminishing dollar.*

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Hog Wild!"

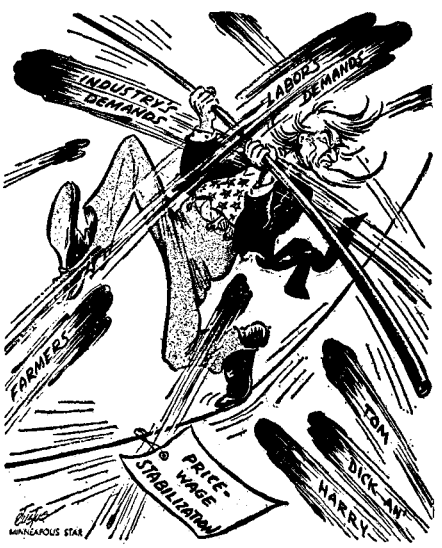
Pocketbooks and Inflation

THE NINETEEN FIFTIES COME FIRST. By Edwin G. Nourse. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 184 *pp.* $2.

By C. E. Ayres

INFLATION always means that more money is being spent for less goods than formerly. But it never means only this. Money doesn't drop out of the sky, and goods don't just evaporate. Always there is some reason—usually an intricate pattern of closely related reasons—lying behind the "sellers' market."

What lies behind the present inflationary movement is, of course, the recent (and continuing) war. Quite apart from what was and was not done in the field of taxes and bond issues, the war put a lot of people on payrolls who had never before (or, in some cases, not for many years) enjoyed that privilege; and it also imposed sharp limits on the production of goods for sale to those people. Inevitably, the consequence of this situation was "inflationary pressure": a rush of dollars for a relatively inadequate supply of goods. During the war this situation was temporarily controlled by price fixing and rationing but with the resulting accumulation of a vast reservoir of unspent dollars, so that when those controls were removed an upward rush of prices was the inevitable consequence.



—*Justin in* The Minneapolis Star.

"What an Act!"

It goes without saying that Dr. Edwin Nourse is fully cognizant of all these facts and of their full significance. Hence it is a bit disconcerting to find him deposing as follows:

> A new series of fiscal experiments has now given us a public debt that is commonly referred to as "astronomical"—in fact, ten times the size of World War I's debt. [The text reads, "World War II," which is clearly a misprint.] This large debt has been "managed" without business collapse so far, but also without gaining control over the process of price inflation or dollar debasement to which it gave rise.

If these words mean what they say, they mean that the sole cause of present inflation is the size of the public debt and the sole cause of the public debt is "a new series of fiscal experiments." But that is so utterly and completely untrue as to make the reader doubt his own senses. Indeed, only four pages farther on Dr. Nourse himself says that "no power on earth (or within our democratic political system) could have enabled us to come out of this emergency without a whacking public debt." At this point the reader's head begins to swim.

In this little book, a synthesis of public addresses he has been delivering since he resigned as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Dr. Nourse's interest is not wholly confined to inflation. He also pleads with organized labor, organized agriculture, and organized business not to be too greedy, especially labor and agriculture. But inflation is the main theme. Dr. Nourse is against it. As he says in his closing sentence, "For myself, I would rather risk criticism now for being a partisan of hard-won solvency than live pleasantly as a collaborationist of inflation."

But no one is risking criticism by coming out against inflation, for the very good reason that there is no such thing as living pleasantly with it. The trouble is, problems don't come singly. The NAM is quite right in declaring that a sufficiently high and general sales tax would stop inflation. The only catch is that it would also endanger the defense effort and even the present social order. This does not mean that the high taxes and stiff credit which Dr. Nourse advocates are impossible or even undesirable. But it does mean that national economic policy must take account of something more than "the individual pocketbook *vs.* the nation's monetary system." Surely it is a rather odd recommendation of a sound monetary system to say that it is against the public interest! Surely the enemy of most people's pocketbooks is inflation. Curing inflation by emptying pocketbooks entirely is akin to curing the nosebleed by tourniqueting the neck. The real problem of public policy is that of preserving and enhancing the solvency of the people; and unfortunately that can't be achieved by any neat and simple fiscal formula.

C. E. Ayres is professor of economics at the University of Texas.

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The Counter-Revolutionaries

A PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 199 pp. $2.75.

By MARK STARR

AFTER analyzing the history of the labor union Columbia's Professor Tannenbaum asserts, "Trade unionism is the conservative movement of our time. It is the counter-revolution . . ." Moral values, as opposed to pecuniary ones, of unions based upon "a clustering of men about their work," seem supremely important to the author. His philosophy for labor is a variety of parlor, professorial Syndicalism. He idealizes the medieval guild, bitterly criticizes individualism, and opposes political action and control. The bindle-stiff has come to rest on Morningside Heights. However, in place of the old Wobbly philosophy of eternal militancy, relentless class struggle, and the general strike to overturn capitalism, Mr. Tannenbaum, in contrast, thinks that the unions are slowly encroaching upon the power of management and will buy a controlling piece of American industry. They win not by solidarity but by the surplus in their treasuries.

While there is much interesting information about the evils of the Industrial Revolution and the role of the guilds and the unions attractively presented in Mr. Tannenbaum's book, which should be widely read, he has unfortunately become the victim of his own wishful thinking in many important respects. For example, his glorification of the guild ignores the dissatisfied excluded journeyman who owned only his power to labor and not the product of his labor. The guild members enjoyed the delights of mutual aid and fellowship in basic work association, but surely they organized as owner-operators to create a monopoly to fix their prices.

Mr. Tannenbaum exaggerates in many important respects the power, resources, and influence of the trade unions. With the labor unions divided as they are, with rivalries between unions and inside unions over jurisdiction, and with less than 35 per cent of the total 42,000,000 men and women who work for wages in the United States organized it is not too appropriate to talk about a Labor *movement*, let alone to cast the trade unions in the role of the unpolitical collective savior of society. The thoughtful union leaders try to educate their members to participate in the democratic procedures of their own organization and to integrate the union with the community. All this rules out the current idea that the labor unions have a monopoly with exclusive control over any commodity or service, with power to fix its price or power to withhold it as did the oldtime guild.

The book details the large income received by unions and the large sums which the unions now have in their welfare funds. A little simple arithmetic to divide those sums among their possible claimants and to compare them with the resources, say, of General Motors or of the foundations would give a truer perspective. The reserves of the big insurance companies make the reserves of the unions look like peanuts.

The labor unions failed to prevent the enactment of the Taft-Hartley Law and as yet have failed to repeal or amend it. Significantly enough, this Act is mentioned only twice in casual reference in Mr. Tannenbaum's book.

The author quotes as to the power of John L. Lewis but omits to mention the injunction and the big fine which penalized the United Mine Workers. There is much about Mr. Petrillo and his arbitrary controls but no mention of the endeavor by the American Federation of Musicians to win over public opinion by free live-music concerts.

While the trade unions build up the solidarity among the men and women on the functional basis of their work, the union members and some of their leaders are still imbued by the individualism which the author criticizes. Lacking the ideals of a common solidarity, exceptional individual union leaders may become labor racketeers and arrogate powers of control; a few unions will continue their discrimination against Negroes; and union imperialism, irrespective of any general plan or long-time view, will try to annex any group of workers to which no union has previously laid claim.

The now powerless Wobblies believed in revolutionizing society by building the new social order within the shell of the old by methods of nonpolitical class struggle. The American Federation of Labor under Gompers rejected all such philosophies and concentrated on more and more, here and now. The Congress of Industrial Organizations follows with an occasional mention of Industrial Councils. Mr. Tannenbaum sees trade unions becoming the owners of industry and uniting with management to administer it. He presumes that the present owners of the corporations will gracefully yield their controls. He wants no government interference because he thinks that even in Britain this must lead to "the police state."

Professorial fantasy should have some closer relation to the facts of social life before it can formulate a useful philosophy of labor.

"I'm so proud—this year I stayed awake through your entire lecture!"

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Lee Mortimer and Jack Lait—"the Kremlin will like it."

The Low-Down in High Gear

WASHINGTON CONFIDENTIAL. By Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer. New York: Crown Publishers. 310 *pp.* $3.

By Karl Schriftgiesser

JACK LAIT and Lee Mortimer are two Hearst scandalmongers who have learned the trick of making things seem more sensational than they really are. In the past they have written two diatribes, "New York Confidential" and "Chicago Confidential," which purport to give the "low-down" on vice, sin, crime, and corruption in those two unfortunate cities. Now they turn their attention to Washington.

The story they have to tell is blood-curdling. According to these two gentlemen everyone in Washington from the President down to the lowliest filing clerk is besotted with sin or is the victim of sinners. Crime of the most degrading sort is rife on every street, down every alley, in every hotel, in all the legitimate and illegitimate clubs, and even in the homes of those who—you or I would suspect—are just plain ordinary citizens.

Everybody in Washington is in some kind of racket. Everybody in Washington is sex-mad, on the continual chase for thrills and excitement of the kind the Hearst papers love to hint at but never fully describe. Don't worry. Lait and Mortimer do describe them. They tell you where you can go for this or that forbidden pleasure, what it will cost, and even which occupant of which house is better than the other.

There is no question that there are crime, vice, sin, forbidden pleasures, grafters, lobbyists, and all sorts of horrible people in Washington. The Messrs. Lait and Mortimer know them all, name most of them, and stir up such a mare's nest of sensationalism that you wonder when the bureaucrats find time to sign the swollen payrolls, the grafters to mulct the public, and so on ad nauseum.

Through this book runs a strong racial bias, a hatred for Washington's vast Negro population, and a complete misunderstanding of Washington's many disturbing civic problems. Lait and Mortimer, although they take some three hundred pages of feverish prose to tell their story, never have a good thing to say for a Negro —or anyone else for that matter. The thousands of decent Washingtonians, on or off Fair Deal payrolls, are smeared by their dirty brush.

The pity of it is that Washington is not as beautiful or as pure a city as it might be. Gambling, prostitution, bootlegging, dope-peddling, and all the evils of a city are present in this overgrown town. But it is not as filthy, as despicable, as infested a town as these reporters say it is. They so overstress the evil as to border on the subversive. How the Nazis would have loved this book as proof of the decadence of democracy! The Kremlin will like it not less.

Karl Schriftgiesser has covered the Washington front for several newspapers.

Waterfront Outlaws

CRIME ON THE LABOR FRONT. By Malcolm Johnson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 243 *pp.* $3.50.

By Matthew Josephson

FOR about two years up to 1949 Malcolm Johnson, as a reporter for the *New York Sun,* did some very diligent, first-hand research among the quaint species of mugs, goons, rats, paid killers, and ornery labor-union heels who infest the world's greatest seaport. His long series of articles on New York's waterfront labor racketeers earned him the condemnation of "King" Joe Ryan, perpetual president of the International Longshoremen's Association (AFL), who called Mr. Johnson both a tool of the Communists and a "labor-baiting reactionary." It also brought him a Pulitzer Prize for outstanding performance as a reporter.

The present volume is a very readable compilation of studies of labor racketeering in various industries, with more than half (and the best and freshest material by far) devoted to the harbor of New York. Mr. Johnson testifies that the great majority of our trade unions are honestly governed; he welcomes the large increase of labor power that has come about in recent years but holds that a small minority of the old-line trade unionists have refused to shoulder the social responsibility that accompanies such increase of economic power. Day in and day out they betray the interests of the workers who pay their salaries and "expense accounts"; their graft, their rackets are a tax regularly passed on to the public. Mr. Johnson writes:

> The Port of New York . . . is an outlaw frontier. Murder on the waterfront is commonplace. Organized crime and racketeering add literally millions of dollars annually to the cost of the port's shipping. Pier facilities, representing an investment of almost a billion dollars, are controlled by ex-convicts and murderers. . . . This situation is made possible by a powerful labor union, the International Longshoreman's Association. Gangsters have attained official positions in the locals of this union. The union leaders condone waterfront crime and racketeering. . . . Neither the union nor the industry has ever shown any decent regard for the welfare of the longshoremen.

That these remarks, by way of introduction, are but sober understatements of the true facts is shown by the case histories Mr. Johnson subsequently presents in vivid detail. Indeed, the story of this "classic case" of a racketeering trade union has been

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well revealed before by other courageous reporters such as Asa Bordages, of the *New York World-Telegram*, and Tom O'Connor, of *PM*. But in this book the picture of our colorful waterside jungle is more fully rounded out. We are given pen portraits or interviews with the Ed McGraths and Florios, hardened criminals who head big locals controlling rich sectors of our metropolitan docks; by their side we have the professional killers like Johnny Dunn and Andy Sheridan and not far behind the scene the Anastasias of "Murder, Inc." Presiding over them—yet also the captive as well as the protector of these lesser hierarchs—we have the flashy, heavy-fisted Joseph P. Ryan, in private life a devout Catholic, in public a genial labor baron with an "unlimited expense account" whose influence extends far into local and national politics. Mr. Johnson's theory, probably sound, is that the union dictator is himself the pliant instrument of higher-up business racketeers.

The ILA's constitution is but a mockery of democratic rule. The "shape-up," as a system for indiscriminate hiring of workers from crowds of casual longshore laborers, is still a unique feature of New York's harbor scene, at Ryan's insistence. It provides for absolute control of the men by crooked union hiring-bosses, subjects them to all sorts of rackets, and allows known gunmen to hold them in terror. This system was long ago abandoned in the great European ports in favor of the supervised hiring-hall and by Harry Bridges's longshoremen on our West Coast, who cleaned up the reeking San Francisco docks.

In 1940 the murder of Peter Panto, an insurgent leader of the Brooklyn longshoremen, and the un-Christian circumstances of his secret burial by the Murder, Inc., people, "in a suit of cement underwear," threw a sudden, lurid light on the whole waterfront situation. Mr. O'Dwyer, then District Attorney, and Mr. Dewey, our Republican Governor, were roused to what political scientists humorously term "a show of action." But nothing much happened. Since then a long series of crimes have brought merely proposals of remedial laws which have somehow regularly failed of enactment. New Yorkers, who try to bring up their children respectably in sections but a few minutes' walk from the "jungle," have shown themselves remarkably stolid about all this.

To all proposals of reform brought

(*Continued on page* 48)

Workouts for Writers

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE ANNUAL season for writers' conferences and workshops draws near and, while upset conditions in universities and colleges as well as in the world generally are being felt, there will still be plenty of opportunities for the ambitious to sit at the feet of the experts. These range all the way from the dwellers in the upper realms of poetry and the New Criticism to experienced literary agents, whose approach to art is primarily materialistic. As usual, conferences will be scouted by magazine editors and publishers' representatives on the hunt for usable manuscripts and for new talent.

Even the meetings that will not be held this summer will be resumed, so their directors say, as soon as possible. Whatever effect current conditions may have is looked upon with complete optimism as purely temporary. As might be expected, the conferences that will not be held this year are among the newer ones which had not had time to become firmly established before the winds of adversity began to blow. In general attendance was somewhat down last summer, and a further drop this year would be no surprise, for the very simple reason that people will not have as much money to spend after they have paid their grocery bills.

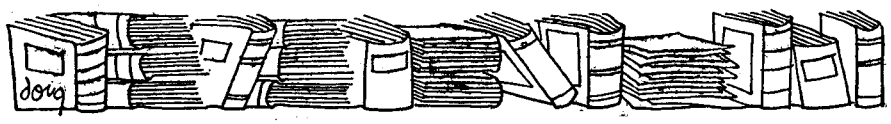
Among the meetings that will be missing are the Workshop of the Catholic University in Washington and the conference at Idaho State College in Pocatello, both relatively new, Idaho's beginning only last summer. Kansas, which has had two conferences a summer for several years, will be without any this year. The Crossroads of America Conference at the University of Kansas City, which Gorham Munson successfully directed for two years, will not be held, partly because of conditions and partly because Mr. Munson is now occupied with a full-time editorial job, in addition to his regular writing courses at New York's New School for Social Research.

The Mid-America Regional Conference at Kansas State College, which held its first meeting last year with a much wider range of courses than is customary and a large staff, has also been suspended but is expected to be resumed next year. The plan is to hold it every other year from then on. The Midwestern Conference in Chicago, which is held under the auspices of the women's clubs in the surrounding territory and is not connected with a university or college, has also given up its meeting this year. However, awards of some $7,000 in prizes sponsored by the conference will be made in July as usual. Its president, Alice Marion Dickey, writes: "This year we concentrate on contests, with our eye on next year's bigger and better conference."

ONE of the most interesting of the newer meetings is the Mexico City Writing Center, connected with Mexico City College, the first example of a writers' conference or workshop held outside the country of origin of these peculiarly American institutions. It is under the direction of the accomplished novelist and short-story writer Margaret Shedd. The writing courses are concentrated in the summer and fall quarters of the college year (detailed information below). Participants include both Mexicans and Americans, giving a fine Pan-American air to the venture. Most of the teachers are bilingual, although the language of the instruction is English.

Among the features of the Center's coming summer session will be a study of writing "blocks," with advanced students taking part in the experiments. An effort will be made to find out what circumstances interfere with good writing and what circumstances help. There will also be a special course in commercial writing from August 1 to 21, in which the skills involved will be discussed by special lecturers. The Center publishes a magazine called *Portfolio*, which presents the work of students to editors and publishers and is not for sale. Miss Shedd writes that work of real merit has been produced by both Mexicans and Americans. It is her hope to have some fellowships available for Mexicans at the summer session. Both travel and living expenses in Mexico are especially moderate at present because of the exchange situation, and the Center's fees are also reasonable.

The Indiana Writers Conference at



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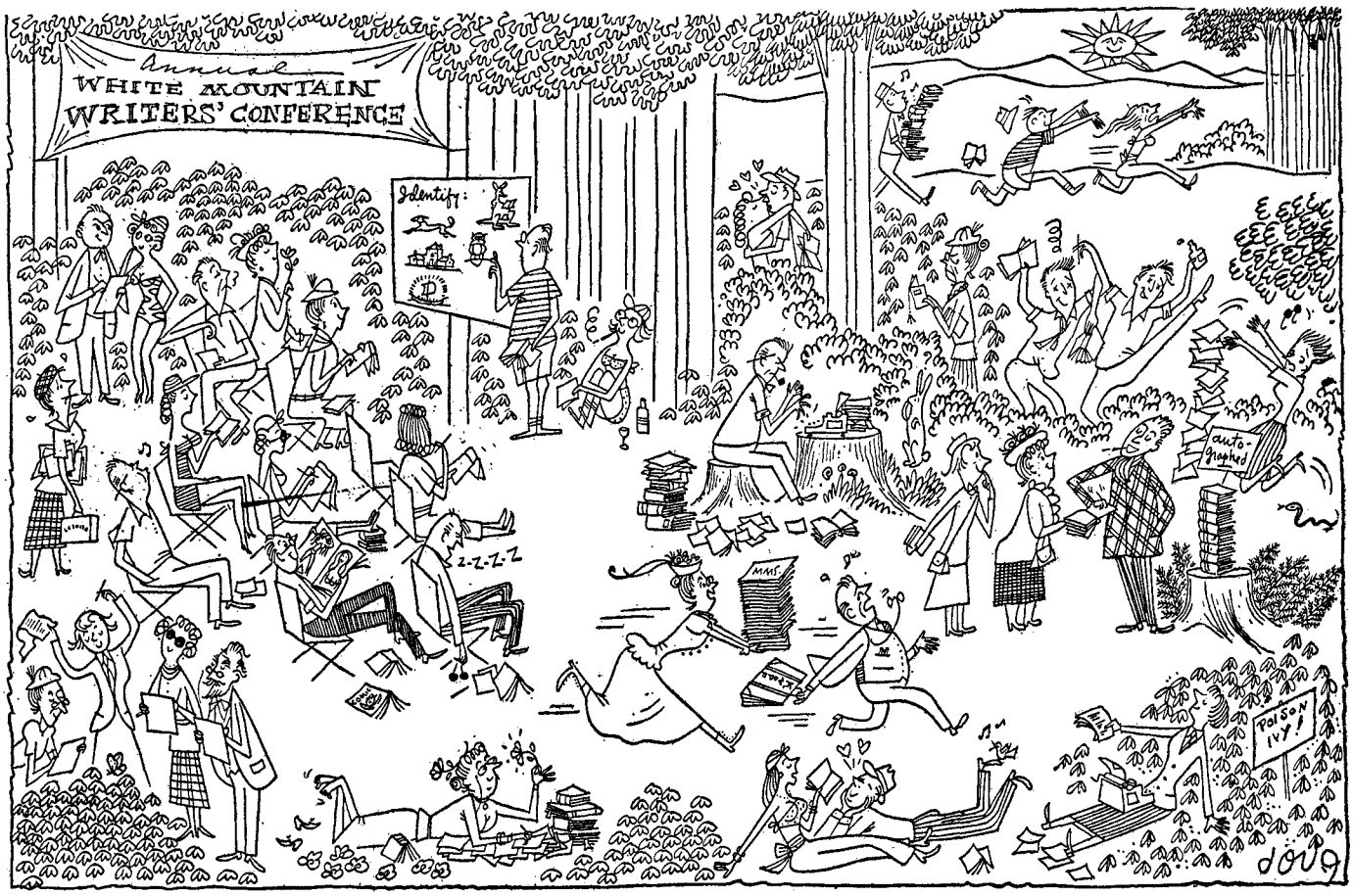

the State University, which has been consistently successful for a number of years, is dropping its plan for a week's session for younger writers, since many younger writers will be otherwise occupied in the coming months, and will have a single week's session open to all ages.

Geographically, the concentration of conferences remains in New England and the West and Far West, although the Florida Writers' Colony at Venice is now having three sessions a year, after a successful experiment last year. Corpus Christi, Texas, has two meetings, at one of which Robert P. Tristram Coffin, who has taught at as many conferences as anybody living and with unfailing success, is the whole staff by himself in poetry and the short story. At the other meeting there are said to be more literary editors than anywhere else, a large and distinguished staff, and many prizes.

Meanwhile, the time-honored argument about whether or not writing can be taught and, if so, how much keeps right on. Last year Rolfe Humphries, a battle-scarred veteran of fourteen years of teaching the writing of poetry at conferences, wrote an article for *The Nation* on the subject, in which he took the position that conferences and workshops were definitely useful, saying there should be many more—and much better ones.

He said he thought every state university with a summer session ought to have a conference "generously supported, with a well-paid staff and many scholarships." He called for the closest cooperation between the faculties of the universities and the conference staff and declared that likely young candidates for admission might very well be recruited with that zeal usually devoted to rounding up star athletes. Mr. Humphries did not argue that the development of youthful writers might even faintly approach in financial returns the success of football and basketball teams, but there are universities and colleges which have had occasion to take pride in the work of some of their graduates more noted for their intellectual achievements than their physical prowess.

ANYONE who casts an eye over the list of conferences and workshops which follows and which is considerably more comprehensive than in previous years will see there the widest possible variety of meetings, pretty well scattered over the country, generally relatively inexpensive—fees have gone up very little yet under the impact of inflation—and offering writers and would-be writers almost anything they may want or need. The minimum statement that may be made about writers' conferences, which are obviously here to stay, is that people enjoy them, and this applies to a great majority of their directors and staffs as well as to those who attend.

Bulletins containing full information on the conferences and workshops listed below may be obtained by sending a postcard to the director or in some cases to other persons specified.

BARD COLLEGE WORKSHOP IN POETRY, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., will be held July 9-August 18, under the direction of Theodore Weiss, editor of *Quarterly Review of Literature*. Write Director of Admissions, Bard College, for details.

BEERSHEBA SPRINGS WRITERS CONFERENCE, Beersheba Springs, Tenn., under the auspices of the University of Tennessee Junior College, will be held August 20-September 1, with Harry Harrison Kroll as director; address, Martin, Tenn.

A single fee of $75 covers all expenses.

Mr. Kroll does the bulk of the teaching but will have assistants this year in poetry and playwriting.

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Middlebury College, Theodore Morrison, director, meets in the mountains near Middlebury, Vt., the last two weeks in August. It was started in 1925 and is the oldest conference in the country.

Attendance is limited to 125, fifty contributors and seventy-five auditors. There are several fellowships available, candidates being named to Mr. Morrison at Warner House, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., up to May 15.

Over-all expenses are as follows: contributors, between $150 and $205; auditors, $125 to $180, depending upon the type of room occupied.

Among the staff members are William Sloane, Richard Scowcroft, May Sarton, Rachel MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Saxton, Fletcher Pratt, Lincoln Barnett, John Ciardi, and Richard Wilbur. Evening lecturers include Robert Frost, John Mason Brown, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The Bread Loaf Summer School of English of Middlebury College will be held this year from June 27 to August 11, with Reginald L. Cook, who is also assistant director of the Writers Conference, as director and its usual distinguished staff. Inquiries should be addressed to Office of the Summer Schools, Middlebury College.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS WORKSHOP, Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., began in 1946. The 1951 dates are July 23-August 10. John Holmes is director. Complete information may be had from Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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Literacy vs. Knowledge?

IN a small Indian village less than two hours by car from Calcutta I spoke to one of the finest conversationalists it has been my pleasure to meet anywhere in the world. He was a farmer of fifty-two, the leading citizen of the village, renowned in the area for his knowledge of Hindu religion and philosophy and for his good-natured humor. We conversed through an interpreter. After about forty minutes of philosophical exchange leavened by the farmer's illuminating witticisms I got up to leave. I expressed the hope we might be able to continue our discussion by correspondence after I returned to the United States.

The farmer hesitated before saying anything, then looked down at the ground while the interpreter stammered his reply.

"Our friend is deeply honored at the suggestion that you and he correspond but regrets he is unable to do so as he has never been taught how to read or write. He would be glad to correspond through a translator, but there is no one in this village or the next who is qualified for such work. But he is grateful indeed for your kind thought."

In Madras, following a lecture at the university, a young man of about thirty got up to ask a question about political organization in America. I did as best I could in the five minutes I had been forced to budget for each question. After the talk, however, I sought him out and offered to send him material from time to time from America. Then I handed him a pad and pencil to write down his name and address.

"If it would not offend you," he said in English, with an accent that revealed some slight Oxford influence at least, "I should be grateful if you would write my name and address down for me. I have never learned how to write—in English or Hindi. I understand and speak English because for eight years I was a bearer for an English gentleman who was kind and patient with me. I am intending to go to adult school so that I may read and write English, and perhaps someday I may be able to read for myself the material you will send me."

Incidents such as these were repeated perhaps a dozen or more times during my visit to India. And each time I had the same feeling of momentary shock. It was difficult to reconcile the ease and frequency with which illiteracy and intelligence went together. When you come from a part of the world where the only persons who can't sign their own names are dolts or ignoramuses you can't readily accustom yourself to the idea that people can be well developed intellectually and yet have no contact with the written word.

There are no exact figures but the illiteracy rate in India must be close to 85 per cent. Only a scattered handful of persons participate in the regular dissemination of news and ideas. Newspapers are numerous but small in total circulation in comparison to the United States; the total annual consumption of newsprint in India is about 2 per cent of our own, even allowing for the current acute newsprint shortage in India. Books are an intellectual luxury, though low-priced. The problems of writing and publishing in India are complicated by the lack of a working national language and by the phenomenal cultural disparity of the various regions. The differences in the folkways and social organization between those Indians who live in the Madras area and those who live in the northwest regions are almost as great, let us say, as the cultural differences between the Italians and the Danes. Hindi has been proclaimed the national language, but it may be many years before it actually develops into one. Meanwhile, the various regions have their own tongues, the result being that an Indian author to be widely read in his own country has to be translated into several languages, at least. And because of the comparatively small size of the literate community in each language he can consider himself fortunate if his books average two or three thousand copies each in sales. Ten thousand copies sold would indicate a best seller. Getting a book published in most cases depends upon special arrangements that can be worked out with the publisher to lessen the risk and investment. Hence there are few authors, comparatively speaking, and very few publishers. As elsewhere, most of the profitable publishing is in the textbook field, where some degree of mass production is possible in filling advance orders. In any event, writing for the general reader is pretty much of a sideline for people who are primarily engaged in other professions or businesses.

THE English language is read and spoken by perhaps 2 per cent of the total population. Paradoxically, however, English is the principal language in the political life of the country and in the expression and articulation of public opinion. The most influential newspapers and magazines are written in English. Sessions of Parliament are conducted in English. But not many of the Indian attendants or Parliament employees understand what is being said on the floor. Thus there is the phenomenon of a country's affairs being deliberated by men speaking a language unfamiliar to 98 per cent of that country's people—a language chosen not because it was preferred over Hindi or any of the regional tongues but because it is the only language which all the legislators present could understand. As a result, a session of Parliament more nearly resembles an international

The Goldfinches

By Dorothy Loder

THE SYCAMORE which yesterday we saw
In winter penitence stand lone and bare,
Now has been shriven, and its branches wear
Redemption radiant as a golden thaw.
No leaves that draw their life from earthy roots
Transform to such an aureate bouquet
As do these feathered flowers which convey
Spring promise with the reediness of flutes.

For moments only the inspired convention
Descends upon the tree, while prophets sing,
Then, message given, suddenly they fling
Upon the air their fiery ascension.
We half expect the sycamore to rise,
Borne with these small Elijahs to the skies.

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than a national meeting. This is but a reflection of the fact that India is less a nation than a common historical experience shared by related cultures.

There is very little real contact between the world of events and ideas and the world of the village. This is not necessarily the result of the widespread illiteracy but of the fact that the two worlds are separate and apart. When you get thirty or forty miles outside one of the large cities you have left behind you a way of life as far removed from the life of the village as the pre-Christian tenth century is from the twentieth. This is not by way of passing judgment—for I am beginning to suspect that there are survival values inherent in the Indian village way of life which have so far eluded the Western world; the point I am trying to make is that the gap between urban and rural life in India, or between the life and thought of the educated few and the uneducated many, is so wide and deep as to be almost unfathomable. Geographically, historically, and politically the villager is a citizen of India; intellectually, he regards India as more of a universe of which he is a part than as a well-defined nation which has jurisdiction over him in many respects and to which he has specified obligations.

An English journalist in Calcutta told me of an experience he had in a village some seventy miles from the city. He was interviewing some people about progress in India since the British had left and discovered that some of those present didn't even know the British had come. I encountered nothing so extreme as this, but I did go into village after village where the names of Roosevelt, Truman, Stalin, Churchill, Hitler, and Attlee were unheard of. Not far from Madras I spoke to village elders who were completely in the dark about Communism or democracy or atomic energy or the Korean War or the Civil War in China or the United Nations or any of the major issues and events that dominate the times. In one or two instances, incredible as it may seem, I came across men who were unfamiliar with the name of Mahatma Gandhi.

What does this widespread illiteracy and lack of knowledge add up to? It would be a serious blunder for us to conclude that the bulk of the Indian people are backward or unintelligent or ignorant. The yardsticks of the West for measuring intellectual capacity or cultural standing are completely out of place when applied to India. Many of the Indian people may be uninformed about the ideological struggle going on in the world today and may be unable to read or write, but their personalities are as well integrated as those of any people in the world. Whatever the shortage of information, there is certainly no shortage of intellectual awareness or acuteness. Even more important is the basic fact that there is a highly developed sense of justice and moral obligation which would excite the admiration of theologians and educators both. A discussion about purpose in life or about man's relationship to his fellows can be stimulating and rewarding, and though your companions may be unable to read or write, you are not mindful of any lack of philosophical scholarship.

So far as actual knowledge is concerned it is futile to speculate whether ours is superior to theirs or vice versa; the levels of knowledge are different, that is all. I should hate to be called upon to pass an examination in all the things that are part of the funded knowledge of the average Indian villager. It is enough to recognize that their knowledge is apparently suitable for their purposes as is ours——we hope—for our own.

Apart from this, there is the very real question whether history may not decide that life in the Indian village was far better adapted to the survival of man than life in the highly advanced and organized world of the West. It has yet to be proved whether Western man can keep his civilization from turning against him. The concept of the dynamic society, the concept of rapid progress, the concept of ever-expanding knowledge applied to man's problems, the concept of bigger and better technology to liberate man from drudgery—it has yet to be proved whether these concepts can actually be made to serve human welfare or whether they are beyond man's understanding and control both and therefore may be used against himself. The average Indian is emancipated from modern civilization and its dualism. He is uncontaminated by modern knowledge and its effects. He is largely apart from the tides of his times; no matter what happens in the years just ahead, it is likely that the Indian village will continue as it has for the past two thousand years. It is largely self-contained and offers no temptation for a conqueror, who may be drawn to by the cities and the factories but may have no inducement for carving out roads to reach people who present neither a challenge nor a prize.

This is no glorification of the static. It is merely an attempt to recognize the fact that any attempt to measure the East by our standards must be preceded first of all by substantial proof that we can make civilization and all its works serve the ends of man. —N. C.

Good News

▸ Drastic reductions in the sentences imposed upon twenty-one Negro servicemen court-martialed in Korea have been reported to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People by the U. S. Army's Judge Advocate General's office. The twenty-one were among thirty-nine G.I.'s who had appealed to the NAACP for assistance. These cases are among those investigated in Japan and Korea by Thurgood Marshall, NAACP special counsel, who went to the Far East in January for the purpose of probing the circumstances surrounding the courts-martial of Negro officers and enlisted men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry Regiment who had sought the aid of the NAACP.

▸ A group of youngsters in Holland have established the Youth Amateurs Broadcasting Corporation, an effort to bring together young people from all over the world by means of radio. The organization, known as JARO, plans as a starter to present programs giving an idea of what the students in Holland are doing and thinking.

▸ Secretary General Trygve Lie reported to the Economic and Social Council that sixty-three countries and dependent territories received help during 1950 under the United Nations program of technical assistance. Two hundred and sixty-five requests for assistance under the expanded program have been received to date.

▸ A new olive-oil factory has been opened in Amantea, Italy, under the sponsorship of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The new plant will give 10 per cent of its profits to the staff. The remaining 90 per cent will be used for sanitary improvements in the area for training and housing workers and for a hospital.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For Ezra Pound's Release

SIR: Ezra Pound, a famous American poet is at present confined against his will, in a public psychiatric institution. At the time he received the Bollingen Award there was serious criticism of his work. There was also criticism of the Department of Justice for prosecuting his case so differently from the prosecution of people charged with much smaller crimes. I myself, in the article "The Road to Rapallo" in the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*, proved to the satisfaction of my own scientific conscience and that of many of my colleagues that according to the very statement given out by the authorities Ezra Pound was not legally insane and did not have any major mental disease which would render him legally insane. (This refutation of the insanity plea has never been contradicted.)

I would now like to make a plea that Ezra Pound be released from the psychiatric institution where he is still detained.

The social and political situation has changed. Some of the worst Nazi criminals—including leaders of the *Einsatzgruppen* who carried out the most coldblooded assembly-line murders in history—have been released. They were treated with the greatest leniency, the only harshness being that along with their liberty they didn't get back their gas vans. Since freedom is now given to those who did the killing, it seems unfair to detain those who merely incited to violence.

So I plead not only for the release of Ezra Pound but for the return of his typewriter. And to make the whole procedure consistent, shouldn't the "Pisan Cantos" be translated into German, too?

FREDERIC WERTHAM.

New York, N. Y.

"Sex—The Schizoid Best Seller"

SIR: Albert Ellis ["Sex—The Schizoid Best Seller," *SRL* Mar. 17] deals with a single aspect of the avalanche of mass media communication on sex—namely, the "what" question. Dr. Ellis's analysis is penetrating in answer to that question. I feel that the "why," "who," "when," "how," "whither," and "whence" questions applied to sex and examined through mass media are now in order. Certainly sex is the best advertised product on any market. For the past five years practically every issue of each member of the mass media has carried an inflammatory and opinionated article on sex with slight emphasis on abnormality. Regarded as an advertising or propaganda venture, I'd like to know *who* is responsible for this elaborate promotion scheme and *why*.

BILL SHEPARD.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Permit me to offer a hearty burst of applause—if I can keep from laughing long enough—for that hilarious satire on psychologists, novelists, readers, and so on entitled "Sex—The Schizoid Best Seller."

I suppose some dull editors wishing to print a best-seller abstract of all the genitourinary episodes in American fiction since January 1, 1950, would never have thought of calling it anything else but just that. How crude that would have been! Here, however, we have something subtle, something uproariously subtle. Here we have a writer licking his lips over all the succulent items he has strained out while pretending not only to have undertaken a scientific inquiry but to have made a scientific discovery. Which is one better than Kinsey *et al.*

And what is this discovery? Why, believe it or not, the discovery is that the present-day average American possesses a trait which has been common to all men, in Western culture at any rate, from the earliest times, the trait of licking the lips over juicy items while pretending to be preoccupied with something quite else. Interesting, is it not?

ALFRED C. DALMAS.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

SIR: The awful implications of Albert Ellis's scholarly contribution are such that I haven't been able to sleep nights since the magazine arrived. No doubt Dr. Ellis's researches will extricate us finally from our confused attitudes toward sex. But meanwhile I do not see how we can save ourselves from falling into some other abyss.

Suppose, for example, in Dr. Ellis's finding we substitute the word "politics" for "sex." The pronouncement is still one compounded from the purest truth: ". . . virtually every living American is completely muddled, mixed-up, and messed-up in his political views, feelings, and acts. Much of the time he is quite consciously at odds with himself and knows that he does not know political 'right' from 'wrong.' Or else he keeps changing his mind about what is politically proper and improper. Or he engages in political acts which he feels he should not perform but which he would feel even more uncomfortable about not performing. When this average American does—occasionally—manage to get consciously straight in his political views, he still remains unconsciously caught in beliefs that are often completely inconsistent with his conscious thoughts. The result in terms of the modern American's external and internal political harmony is a degree of peacefulness comparable to that now existing between the United States and the Soviet Union."

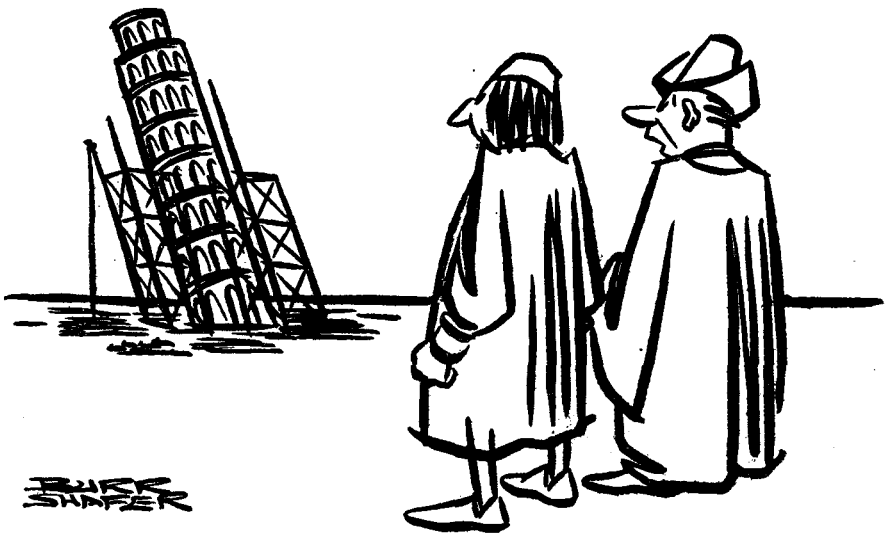
On the basis of this judgment I would suppose that with the possible exception of Colonel McCormick there is not a single person in this country whose mind is in a good state of political health. And the ramifications are endless, as you will perceive if you substitute the idea of "women's clothes," "social drinking," "business practice," or any of dozens of others. Even Dr. Ellis, I feel, is bound to go down in the same general ruin with all the rest of us in these circumstances. What are we going to do for a keeper?

DALE L. MORGAN.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: It is sometimes a terrible shock to the groom of a "nice girl" bride to find that she has certain physiological systems similar to his own. Philip Wylie would blame this on "Mom," who produces a schizoid son with a discrepancy in the answers to his physiological and emotional needs, thereby accounting for the success of hustling and the existence of cold marriages.

It is nothing less than tragic that a field so universally explored as the field of sex could produce proportionately so little knowledge. However, if it is any comfort to Dr. Ellis, most literature exhibits a cultural lag in relation to present-day activities. A good many wives today know that imagination and freedom in their sex relations with their husbands is one of



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What a pity—a beautiful tower like that could have made Pisa famous."

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the answers to convincing them that what another woman has to offer, for money or for fun, is after all rather dull.

BARBARA WEST.

Princeton, N. J.

"Too Late for Calumny"

SIR: Fie on Maurice Hindus and his attack [*SRL* Mar. 10] on Konstantin Simonov! Hindus is as vituperative and one-sided as anyone who ever wrote for *Pravda*. Surely, a better answer can be given to Eastern writers than an ill-tempered tirade ending with a slightly veiled flourish of the atomic bomb.

G. I. PATTERSON.

Portola, Calif.

Impossible Assignment

SIR: Many thanks to Elizabeth Bowen for her "Autobiography As an Art" [*SRL* Mar. 17].

All writers know and most thoughtful readers are at least dimly aware that all literature is autobiographical. Indeed, "I am a part of all that I have seen." Add to this: "and all that I have seen is part of me."

I once asked a group of students each to write an original sentence that was not autobiographical. One lad wrote this: "I respectfully request that I may be excused for not attempting the impossible." He was excused, as well as those who attempted and failed.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

A Bouquet for H. W. Wilson

SIR: In *SRL* of February 24 the librarians of *McCall's* and *Look* magazines criticized the H. W. Wilson Company for not including their respective magazines together with a number of others in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. This writer would like to register the highest praise that the profession to which he belongs can give to Mr. Wilson for what he has achieved during his busy years in furnishing a key to at least a goodly portion of notable magazines. In my experience the Wilson Company has always been open to reasonable suggestions for new inclusions in one index or another.

I should very much dislike to think of a literary world without the Wilson Company and its many services of inestimable value to research workers.

MAGNUS K. KRISTOFFERSEN,
Chief Librarian,
Hartford Public Library.

Hartford, Conn.

Cover Appeal

SIR: As an art director in the graphic arts field, I've been wanting to write you for a long time about the unfailing and consistent excellence of your covers. The art, color, composition, and magnetic eye appeal of the covers every week are truly outstanding.

And in this case we can "judge a book by its cover," for the magazine is as fine as the covers.

HARRY FREED.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

Fiction.

This week's novels range from the contemplation of world dilemmas to various aspects of sex and marriage. One of them is destined for wide popular success, Pearl Buck's powerful, controversial novel "God's Men," in which two diversely inspired men, united by origin and marriage, attempt to rid the earth of mass starvation and to control and manufacture public opinion. One is poor and messianic, the other an aggressive Nietzschean figure of prodigious wealth. "Grand Portage," by Walter O'Meara, is a solid and historically accurate story of adventure and hardship in the Northwest a century and a half ago, romantically flavored by misalliances with Indian women. Nazi politics and revolt against Hitler's Germany is the subject of Hellmut Kirst's revealing "The Lieutenant Must Be Mad." Elizabeth Taylor's "A Game of Hide-and-Seek" and Jo Sinclair's "Sing at My Wake" are both novels about women's unsatisfied love.

The Varieties of Hunger

GOD'S MEN. By Pearl Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 375 pp. $3.50.

By ANN F. WOLFE

OF HEROIC proportions and global sweep, "God's Men" is Pearl Buck's most compelling novel and her most controversial. Humble little Clem Miller is God's man, yes, but is William Lane, who snubs Clem and despises him? To handsome, Nietzschean William the other is a crank obsessed, "a dangerous man. . . . He worked at the very roots of our nation to destroy us." Clem's life is a crusade to rid the earth of starvation. The fuel that drives his frail, sick body on is the faith that freed from hunger people will make a better world. William rises to power by originating a nationwide tabloid network which shapes the mass mind and orders the conduct of the mob. There is a challenge—a dare—in Miss Buck's Dostoievskian thesis that these two creative geniuses, destined to have but three, brief, unhappy meetings in a lifetime, are striving toward the same spiritual end.

Pearl Buck—"heroic proportions."

In imperial China the two were born sons of American missionaries. Clem's father was a half-starved lay preacher, a pariah in the American missionary colony of Peking. William's father was a patrician Episcopalian, social dean of the colony. Clem loved the Chinese; William scorned them and envied his snobbish English schoolmates. When the Boxer Rebellion threatened, William's father sent him to the United States. In the xenophobic slaughter of the uprising Clem's family was massacred. The orphaned boy was sheltered by courageous Chinese until he could work his adventurous way back to his grandfather's home in Pennsylvania.

In the United States, too, life is polarized for the two missionaries' sons. Clem is trapped into virtual bondage by vicious exploiters of homeless children. He finally runs away and finds a job in a small-town Ohio grocery. Food becomes his obsession, not for himself, ascetic that he is, but for hungry people the world over. His unique chain of grocery stores makes money, which he uses to feed the needy. At Harvard William plans for social and financial success, cultivating the right people, failing only in his overtures to his personable fellow student Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He wins wealthy Candace Cameron and soon after graduation marries her in fashionable splendor. Ruthless, arrogant, brilliant, he covers

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the country with his missionary newsnet, capsuling facts and pictures into slanted interpretations of the two world wars, the stock-market crash, the Depression, Nehru's plea for India's hungry. A tyrannical and solitary figure, he confers with the Chiang Kai-sheks, hobnobs with Britain's aristocracy, is revolted by English Socialism.

Clem Miller, now happily married to William's outcast sister, finds that the hunger of the Depression years outstrips the charity of his missionary network of restaurants. To Sun Yat-sen, to President Roosevelt, to President Truman the agonized little gospeler vainly presents his plans for using crop surpluses to feed Americans, Chinese, Indians. Shocked into graver illness by the Hiroshima bombing, he desperately slaves in his chemistry laboratory to evolve a food formula that will conquer mass starvation.

William, meantime, has become an atomic-age Alexander with no more social or financial worlds to conquer. His father's death fans into fire a religious spark that dimly glowed within his essentially ascetic being. In search of his soul's fulfillment he divorces Candace and marries Lady Emory, daughter of the Earl of Hulme. Searching further, he meets Father Shannon, a Catholic priest from the Chinese missions. Father Shannon leads the way toward a provocative and unexpected ending.

But is it the ending? In this massive and nobly conceived story, sensational in its own reverent way, it is the reader who must answer. He is drawn by the narrative pull of the temperate, unhurried prose. He feels scenes of misery, violence, and luxury charged with basic human problems. "God's Men" has the detached, impersonal quality of a conventionalized Chinese landscape with figures yet, paradoxically, embodies, as no other novel does, the spiritual hunger that both separates and unites the peoples of the world. The reader may quarrel with Miss Buck's ideas, but he will be moved to answer the questions she asks.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 888)

SANTHA RAMA RAU:
EAST OF HOME

"You people," an American . . . said to me, "account for half the world's population, thousands of years of . . . civilized history; yet most of the other half of the world knows nothing about you except a few incoherent and inaccurate fantasies."

The Making of a Nor'wester

THE GRAND PORTAGE. By Walter O'Meara. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 349 pp. $3.

By CARL CARMER

THE BACKGROUND of this story of the American Northwest at the beginning of the nineteenth century is set in with a sure hand. Walter O'Meara was born and raised in voyageur country. He certainly has the feel of it and a detailed knowledge of its history. From old fort journals, diaries of the engagés (employees of the North West Company), and account books of the bourgeois (partners in the company) he has created a sinewy and convincing chronicle of the days when the British, having gradually taken over the fur trade from the defeated French, wisely continued the voyageurs in employment and extended their trade far to the west.

Much of this incident-fraught tale is based on the history (some of it self-related) of young Daniel Harmon, Vermont Yankee, Calvinist, and inhibited prude who seeking adventures and fortune enlisted in the service of the North West Company for a seven-year period.

"You can still go back to Montreal, Mr. Harmon. But once you've crossed the portage there's no return. . . . You're in for hunger that'll turn you into a beast, and perishing cold, and black loneliness that's finished many a better man than you are. . . . But damn me, I'll make a Nor'Wester out of you."

Mr. O'Meara is at his best in his narratives of the man's world of canny, immoral Scot traders, rough and amoral French boatmen singing folk songs in resounding choruses, rum- and trinket-loving Indians. When he writes of the big canoes racing on Lake Winipic, their many vermillion paddles flashing in sunlight, of the fierce hand-to-hand struggles of his hero with treacherous French or Indian villains, of the starving at the Bird Mountain and Alexandria Forts his vast knowledge of the details of place and period and his direct and easy style make for fascinating reading.

But he falters in his handling of his major subject—the dissolution of Dan Harmon's unreasoning and rigid prejudice against Indian women. To accomplish this the author educates his hero by a series of miscegenations, which prove to him that a liaison with a lovely Indian girl—Day Child or Early Moon—is a particularly pleasurable experience. As the writer of the pretentious and suggestive prose on the dust jacket puts it, "Each plays her part in the slow, inevitable transformation of Daniel Harmon . . . Puritan."

Walter O'Meara—"a sure hand."

When Dan Harmon marries the beautiful *metis* (half-breed) Elizabeth Laval and makes her the mother of his children the informed reader understands and approves his purpose. Historians are in agreement that too little has been written to emphasize the fact that many Indian women were good, hard-working, congenial, and faithful wives to early pioneers and thereby made a lasting and valuable contribution to the growth of our nation. But Mr. O'Meara does not express himself with his usual directness and significance when he writes of white man and Indian maid. Then his clear prose turns cloudy and turgid and his characters, cliché-ridden and static, are no longer distinctive personalities but contrived robots moving and talking to prove a thesis. It is this unfortunate fact which prevents "The Grand Portage" from being a really distinguished historical novel.

Whatever its merits or demerits, this work was written to be taken seriously and does not deserve the sales-conscious eulogy on the dust jacket. A protest from the reviewer is pertinent when many a reader's reception of the book will be colored by this literary equivalent of a carnival cooch-barker's preview spiel. He who counts on its intimated promise of prurience will be disappointed, because this is an honest story worthy of better description than "a tale of violence and primitive lusts and shocking events . . . *for the first time* [the italics are not this reviewer's], the true [unexpurgated, as it were] picture. . . ."

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Marriage Case History

SING AT MY WAKE. By Jo Sinclair. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 391 pp. $3.50.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

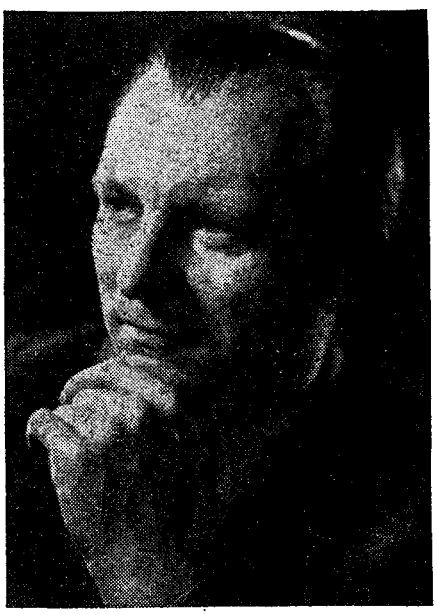
THERE is nothing older than marriage, except men and women and sex. The stresses and tension that may be precipitated by the wedding night are far from modern, although the natural tendency is for each unadjusted husband and wife to assume that psychologically—and perhaps on occasion spiritually—they must develop a new approach. Currently the search for maturity as the antidote to marital discord is so eloquently supported that only a minority will dare to question not the goal but the emphasis by which it is to be attained.

Catherine Ganly, pathetic heroine of "Sing at My Wake," was a sensitive, unhappy child in a home where an alcoholic mother alternately terrorized and charmed her and the father's extra-marital adventures provided even an unsavory neighborhood with talk. The child's devotion was for the father. Miss Sinclair begins her story after the father has died. Liz, the mother, has lost the insurance money that was to have sent Catherine to college or furthered a dancing career. Liz does cooking and work-by-the-day, Catherine has a job and a beau. When Liz discovers her daughter and Kenneth Huffman are lovers she forces a marriage before a justice of the peace. Ken's well-to-do father is kept in ignorance of this ceremony, and four months later there is a conventional church wedding.

Catherine's failure to respond satisfactorily to her husband becomes from henceforth the leitmotif of the struggle into which marriage deteriorates for them. Their case history is vividly and brilliantly presented, but Catherine's frigidity as a conversational topic is sometimes dull.

In spite of her inadequacy a son is born to Catherine, and eventually she and Ken are divorced. She makes a home for her son, Kenny, and experiments with lovers, never finding what she wants, if she has ever known what she seeks. When her son is old enough for boarding school she is annoyed to discover that his demands on her interfere with her latest affair. Her obsession—that she must prove herself a success sexually—is still her most powerful drive. What she does not realize is that she is destroying her child as her mother with different weapons destroyed her. When Ken dies the son turns upon Catherine briefly, but because she has now dismissed her lover and is beginning to understand her mistakes she is able to effect a peace with him.

Jo Sinclair—"provocative."



Hellmut Kirst—"skilful reportage."

It was Catherine's great—and not wholly believable—misfortune never to come in contact with anyone who had found sex healthy and hopeful, gentle and gay and good. Her tormented existence enlists the reader's sympathy and pity, but it is difficult to accept the fate that denied her all contact with simpler, braver lives. Granting the insistence of the book's jacket on the "modern" aspects of Miss Sinclair's second provocative novel, the fact remains that emotional and spiritual hunger are very old pains: somewhere at some time Catherine Ganly would under normal circumstances have witnessed a demonstration of the laughter and love by which a marriage endures.

Eulenspiegel of 1944

THE LIEUTENANT MUST BE MAD. By Hellmut Kirst. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 288 pp. $3.

By DAVID DAVIDSON

HERE IS the latest in the all-too-meager trickle of German novels which try to picture Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich from the inside. Most of those previously published here have come from old hands like Wiechert and Plievier; this newest is by first-novelist Hellmut Kirst, who was eighteen when Hitler came to power and who used up six good years of his young manhood in the campaigns of Poland, France, and Russia.

Why are there so few Kirsts in Germany today, as compared to the numerous new Italian novelists and film-makers who have dealt with the Mussolini era?

For one thing, probably, the young Germans have a much harder row to hoe. There is an established legend about Italians (oversentimental at times, of course) as a genial, lovable people, if with wayward tendencies, which makes it easier to accept them as sympathetic characters. It is long since folk mythology has included automatically sympathetic Germans. With all the horrors of *fascismo*, the Italians have not been left stamped with such national trademarks as Auschwitz and Maidenek. They can boast, as an instance of national expiation, of the two-year heroic struggle of the Partisans — whereas the Germans aside from the Weimar-period anti-Nazis who were early and tragically liquidated have little to offer but the curious, inept, and futile *Putsch* of July 20, 1944.

Coming on the eve of Germany's certain defeat, the 1944 revolt drew in the confused, uncertain efforts of a mélange that went all the way to General Rommel and Admiral Canaris. I remember vividly in the course of interrogating thousands of Germans during the Occupation how I was again and again offered an account of participation in the *Putsch*, real or fancied, as a ticket of respectability by the Johnny-come-latelies.

Almost inevitably, it is about the 1944 attempt that Mr. Kirst centers his novel. The disillusionment starts for his young hero, Lieutenant Strick, when he finds wounded men dumped from a train to a station platform to make room for private loot being shipped home by Army-Nazi brass. A hard-boiled cynic, yet with a streak of stubborn idealism, Strick cunningly directs against the responsible officer

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the power of the rival Gestapo. This causes, to his amusement, his own selection as National Socialist Guidance Officer—political commissar—in the garrison area where he has been reassigned.

From then on, playing a game like that of Till Eulenspiegel (almost the only real scamp of German literature), Strick brings ridicule on the tenets of Nazism by deliberately overplaying them and by circulating anti-Nazi literature in the guise of offering them as "horrible examples." Picking his way through a fabulous snarl of Army-versus-party intrigue and self-versus-the-world (which Kirst portrays brilliantly), Strick winds up heading the local revolt with the assistance of such curiously assorted companions as a Junker, a Socialist, a former Nazi idealist, a freebooting corporal, and even—save the mark!—a super-cynical Gestapo bloodhound who plays the game both ways for double insurance. Though the revolt fails, Strick manages to make a getaway; and it is to the author's credit that we feel relief about this.

In itself a curious mélange of literary purposes, "The Lieutenant Must Be Mad" gives us some very skilful reportage at the same time that it leans rather too heavily on flashy plot devices, making ideas and even characterizations compete too heavily with adventures rather like those of "The Green Hornet" of radio fame.

Though the book is at all times interesting and often moving, we still must wait for the German novelist who will tell us about his time in the way that the new Italians have told us about theirs.

Six Entertainments by Coward

STAR QUALITY. By Noel Coward. New York: Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

THE SATURNINE and tight-lipped countenance of Noel Coward as it is revealed on the screen, the stage, or on the back of a book presents an enigma to the observer; exactly what is Mr. Coward and where does he stand? It is easier to answer the first query than the second.

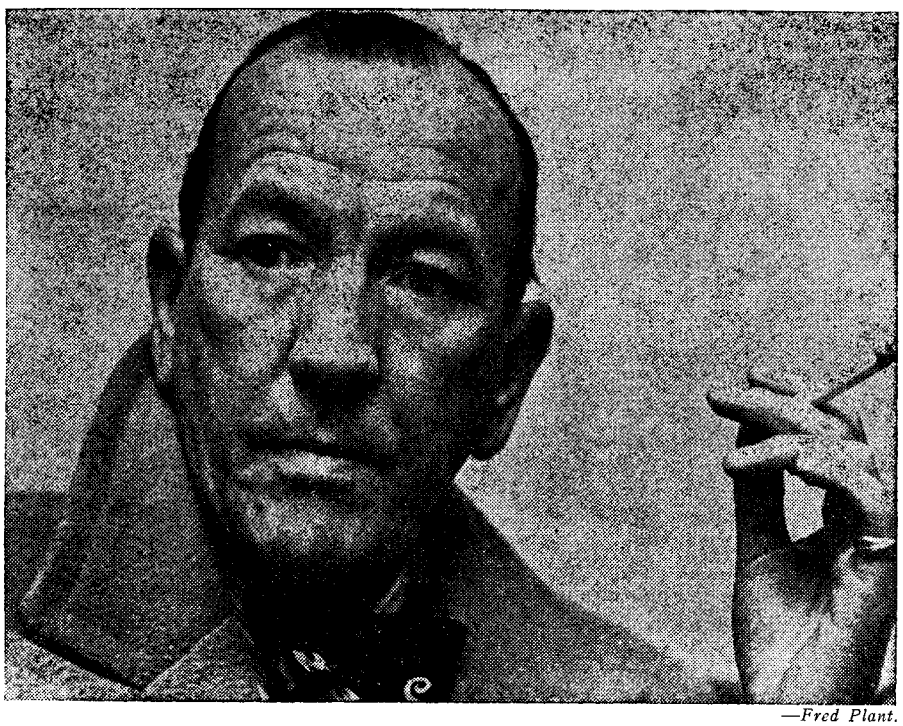
Before he was forty at least one full-length play for each year of his age had been produced and published, to say nothing of two books of one-act plays, an "impudent" autobiography, a volume of poetry, and a book of short stories. He diligently added to his successes those wartime "documentary" movies which seemed to reflect the humbler elements of the British people in their time of trial so wholeheartedly that they invariably left part of their audiences in tears. He developed a kind of universal talent, so that his publisher can quite truthfully say that he has long been a front-rank playwright, actor, director, composer, conductor, wit, raconteur, and writer—and even that wholesale statement leaves out the fact that he also can sing and dance acceptably. It can be said that he was once a juvenile prodigy, and it is to be hoped that he will always remain one.

Mr. Coward's latest book, "Star Quality," contains six short stories that are in turn witty, sardonic, sentimental, humorous, and even slightly malicious; but they are always entertaining. The most effective of all is the shortest, "Stop Me If You Have Heard It," in which he reveals the agonies of embarrassment suffered by the wife of a good-natured and aging bore who has never forgotten that he was once a vaudeville monologist. When they reach home from a bridge game he has ruined she turns on him savagely; but since she cannot destroy someone she loves she leaves him with the flattering impression that her angry tears are the result of jealousy.

"A Richer Dust" is written in a series of brief scenes, like a French play. It is about a complacent and inflated English Hollywood star. His Achilles's heel is his young brother, who turns up as a shy hero of the Pacific War. This story, which suffers from the manner of telling, contains some pointed satire on Hollywood manners and morals besides a mean fling at the British actors who kept 6,000 miles from trouble while the home folks suffered or died around the world.

In "Mr. and Mrs. Edgehill" Mr. Coward leans heavily on pathos for his tale of a couple on a Pacific atoll invaded by an American airplane company by the courtesy of the British Government. Though the old man is officially the British Resident, few pay any attention to him and to the Imperial flag he hauls up every day. "Ashes of Roses" is a thoroughly enjoyable story about revenge. An actress who had fallen in love with a despicable amorist meets him in her dressing room after she has become a star. His body is the shape of a pear-drop, his head bald, his bleary eyes are amorous. Her revenge is her helpless laughter at the spectacle of the man who once betrayed her.

The longest story, "Star Quality," is certainly amusing, but a more malicious portrait of a successful actress, greedy, avaricious, and jealous, has rarely been presented. It is told from the standpoint of the young author of a first play in which Lorraine Barry had condescended to take the stellar role. His agonies of apprehension when she refuses to go on the day before the opening if a lovely and talented actress is given the supporting female role are described with wry humor and genuine bitterness. As long as Mr. Coward can keep up the pace he has set for himself he will always be a superb entertainer. But he has not advanced, nor should he be expected to. He is the Noel Coward of ten or twenty years ago, and that should be enough for any reasonable reader.



—*Fred Plant.*

Noel Coward—"it is to be hoped he will always remain a juvenile prodigy."

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So the Twig

A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK. By Elizabeth Taylor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. $3.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

AMONG today's English women novelists Elizabeth Taylor is notable for ability to achieve a near perfection of prose with economy of words and for her clarity of vision which is in the best sense distinctively feminine. Her concern is the tenuous and intricate personal relationship; her first novel, "At Mrs. Lippincote's," established her at once as a writer of importance and of rare sensitivity. Since then three more novels, "Paladian," "A View of the Harbor," and "A Wreath of Roses," have maintained, if not advanced, her position among her literary peers.

Her latest work, "A Game of Hide-and-Seek," does not offer the completed design and neatly tied ends so notably lacking in life itself but it affords rewarding reading. It gives that elusive, glancing pleasure which a child's kaleidescope does, for scattered through it are so many descriptions of such felicity and characterizations so acute that lack of plot is more than compensated.

This is the story of Vesey and Harriet, injured subtly for life in their several ways by childhood unhappiness. Vesey's mother was slick and glossy, a receptionist in a fashionable London beauty salon, disinterested in a husband to whom, as the adolescent Vesey discovered, she was unfaithful. She found it a relief to send the boy for his summer holidays to her sober, serious-minded sister Caroline Macmillan, happily married and the mother of two small children. Caroline's best friend, Lilian, with whom as a young girl she had gone to jail for women's suffrage, had married young and was quickly widowed. Lilian's only daughter, Harriet, who should have been something important and interesting, was most disappointing; dreamy and incompetent, she dawdled through school and, until the two friends could think of something better to do with her, bicycled over daily to do secretarial odd jobs for Caroline and watch over the Macmillan children.

Having known and accepted Vesey all her life, Harriet in their eighteenth year suddenly fell deeply in love with him. It was a passion which was to color her whole life; how Vesey felt about her she was unable to guess. Lazy, cynical, clever, specious, Vesey exasperated his aunt and uncle as, indeed, he was to exasperate the serious-minded and those in authority everywhere all his days. How desperately he needed Harriet's devotion and admiration as a prop he possibly did not admit even to himself.

But after her mother's sudden death Harriet married a much older man, Charles. Vesey, born only to disappoint those who had the temerity to love him, had disappeared from her life, and she earnestly devoted herself to being a good wife and mother. But when after years Vesey reappeared the old obsession was as strong as ever. It is chiefly with Harriet's struggle and Vesey's demands, with the disastrous effect of the infatuation upon Charles and Betsy, Harriet's daughter, that the novel concerns itself. Both as the story of a marriage and of a love affair it is inconclusive. It may be that this is Mrs. Taylor's intention, her comment on immaturity, for more than anything else it is immaturity which besets Harriet and Vesey, the unhappiness born of childhood maladjustment which relentlessly repeats itself.

A book which contains so many compassionate and amusing comments on children, such unforgettable figures as that of Charles's mischievous mother, the aging actress, the char Mrs. Curzon, the Dutch "mother's help" Elke, and the Greek mistress at Betsy's school, as well as turns of phrase which linger and enchant is a delight not to be missed.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 407

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 407 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDE CDB FG HDGGIE

GI KGLCDMNKB.

—OCPDBFKB EABDFB.

Answer to Crypt No. 406

A college education is one of the few things a person is willing to pay for and not get.

W. L. BRYAN.

Not Made in Heaven

SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. By Garth Hale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 315 pp. $3.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

GARTH HALE'S latest novel is the story of a marriage and of an average, middle-class family in a small, thriving Midwest community. It is a character study of two personalities, their problems, their conflicts, their weaknesses and strengths; and its underlying theme is an argument for the patience, charity, human understanding, and love which can hold a marriage together and make it survive through misunderstandings and vicissitudes to grow into a true and enduring union.

Mr. Hale has given us an excellent study of a man and a woman, basically different—one simple, by nature stable, practical, and generous-hearted; one whose fundamental good qualities were swamped by childish vanity, weakness, and emotional immaturity. To Gayle Jacobs marriage was the substance of all dreams. She married Lester Hood because things seemed to persuade her of his role in that dream and that it was Lester and not Leo Barrenger whom she loved, that it *was* love and not an escape from the prospects of a spinster-teacher's future.

This is the moving story of her struggle to hold to the dream through disillusionment, disappointment, and the growing realization that the man she had married was his own and their marriage's worst enemy.

Although Gayle is the stronger and more appealing character, Mr. Hale has drawn with deep insight and sympathy the portrait of a man tormented by his own feelings of inferiority and a sense of personal inadequacy which made him a blusterer, a braggart, who was childishly vain and self-centered, an escapist into drink and tawdry cheapness. That he finally snapped out of it seems a little too good to be true, but Mr. Hale brings Hood to maturity and responsibility at last and his story to a happy conclusion.

It is a wise, sound, readable book, essentially moralistic in tone but never pontifically or too obviously so. And it is lightened by acute and vivid observation. Like the late Sinclair Lewis but without his bitterness of satire, Mr. Hale can point up and expose the enormous trivialities of human relationships, the foibles, the quirks, the funny and pathetic subterfuges of people asserting themselves in conflict with themselves, each other, and their circumstances.

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Seeing Things

THE EVER GREEN PASTURES

"GANGWAY! Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!" The modern theatre has produced no entrance cue better known or more affectionately remembered. These are words which even when read make the heart stand still. Heard again in the theatre, heard in the world as it now is, their impact is, if anything, greater than when they were spoken twenty-one years ago in that other simpler and comparatively civilized world in which "The Green Pastures"* was first produced.

When Marc Connelly finished his script, he had written a far, far larger play than perhaps he realized he was writing. He had been reading Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," that delectable series of Bible stories as retold in the language of devout but untutored Louisiana Negroes. He conceived the idea of transferring to the stage these Old Testament tales "about the time when the Lord walked the earth like a natural man."

To do this, Mr. Connelly invented the device of a Sunday School class and in its preacher, Mr. Deshee, he found a narrator whose human habit it was to visualize the wonders of the Good Book in terms of the everyday experiences he and his people had had. Mr. Connelly went further. Although in some of his scenes he relied on Mr. Bradford's enchanting episodes and phrases, he contributed not only new material but a new dimension to Mr. Bradford's sketches. Without losing their humor, a humor born of faith at its most innocent, he added a religious feeling as touching, as heart-sprung, and all-conquering as that glorifying the spirituals which are an essential part of the production.

The resulting play may have been set in a Louisiana parish, but it shone with qualities which persuaded a whole nation to enroll among its parishioners. Delightful though it was as a work of art, it was more than an adventure in theatre-going. It was a religious experience of a profound and radiant sort. It still is. The years have not diminished its appeal.

No sermon has ever made goodness more contagious. Or so dispensed with preaching and the pulpit manner in illustrating what lies at the core of faith. Without irreverence it smiles in God's presence, worshipful but unterrified, and filled with the kind of happiness that in itself is an expression of love. If its virtuous mortals such as Noah, Moses, Hezdrel, and the rest are as unabashed when facing their Creator as are Gabriel, the cherubs, and the angels at the heavenly fish fry, it is because all of them, heaven- or earth-born, are at ease with Him.

And why not? De Lawd in "The Green Pastures" may describe himself to Noah as "a god of wrath and vengeance" but surely wrath never took so gentle a form. Although from time to time he has to punish erring mankind, he seems more saddened than outraged by the need to do so. Sin is something he "jest can't stan'." Yet an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth is not among his demands. In spite of having thunderbolts at his disposal, he does not throw his weight about. Instead, he is the kindliest of administrators, tolerant and benign.

The tremendous burden he carries casts its shadow on his spirit even if it leaves his back unbent. He is well aware that "bein' de Lawd ain't no bed of roses," but he never loses his patience, his serenity, or his dignity. He looks and talks like a mortal. Plainly, however, he is more than that. When Noah, who has not recognized him, confesses "I should have known you. I should have seen de glory," he is telling the truth, for the glory is there. It is there in homespun, uncanonical terms, and never more so than in the beautiful last scene in which the Crucifixion is hinted at and de Lawd realizes that God, too, must learn mercy through suffering.

QUITE rightly "The Green Pastures" has long since been saluted and accepted as a folk play. This in itself raises its convention-destroying points. For folk art is supposed to be the product of simple people. It is thought of as being country-bred, hence blessed with that innocence which a dubious tradition is fond of believing rural. It is held to be the expression of peasants, mountaineers, or naive artisans safely uncontaminated by any contact with cities or sophistication.

Although the Algonquin's Round Table, where the wags wagged and the "Vicious Circle" met, created its own lore, its members were scarcely of that jerkin, buckskin, or calico variety from which folklore springs.

—John Bennewitz.

William Marshall (and James Fuller): "Bein' de Lawd ain't no bed of roses."

**THE GREEN PASTURES, a fable by Marc Connelly, suggested by Roark Bradford's Southern sketches, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." Directed by Mr. Connelly. Production designed by Robert Edmond Jones. Choir under the direction of Hall Johnson. Presented by The Wigreen Company in association with Harry Fromkes. With a cast including William Marshall, Ossie Davis, John Marriott, William Dillard, William Veasey, Rodger Alford, Alma L. Hubbard, Alonzo Bosan, Vinie Burrows, Avon Long, Milroy Ingram, John Bouie, etc. At the Broadway Theatre, New York City. Opened March 15, 1951.*

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Mr. Bradford, a resident of the bayou country, may not have belonged to this group of latter-day Mermaid Taverners, but Mr. Connelly did. He is one of the wittiest of city slickers and easily distinguishable from Johnny Appleseed. The fleshpots are not foreign to him. Yet these two very knowing men did manage to "r'ar back" and pass that miracle of folk art which "The Green Pastures" is.

No murals in a Dalecarlian home personalizing a Bible story in native dress could be less self-conscious and more honest. Nor could any miracle play in old Coventry have had a more compelling and unstudied purity. When the Custard Maker offers de Lawd a ten-cent seegar, he is following precisely the same impulse which prompted the adoring shepherds in "The Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors" to present the Christ-Child with mittens, a pipe, and a hat.

No one who saw Richard B. Harrison during the five years that he appeared as de Lawd can have forgotten him. His was one of the modern theatre's most memorable performances, if, indeed, acting so seemingly free of calculation and so manifestly dependent upon the shining virtue of a man's own character can be described as a performance. Mr. Harrison's Jehovah added considerably "mo' firmament" to the lives of countless thousands of playgoers. His Lawd was elderly without being patriarchal; the perfect shepherd of a flock often lost and floundering; as human as the most mortal of his worshipers and yet possessed of some heaven-born goodness and authority.

The new Lawd of William Marshall is younger, a fact which in a world as overcrowded with problems as the present one is not without its consolations. His youthfulness (more accurately, his agelessness) of face endows him with an unwearied quality and speaks as comfortingly for his strength as does his giant size. Mr. Marshall does more, however, than tower physically above his angels and his earthlings. His dignity is no mere matter of physique. Human and lovable as he is, he too radiates "de glory," and radiates it abundantly.

Robert Edmond Jones's settings remain wonderful examples of the eloquence of simplicity. They have about them the same feeling of the morning of the world that so distinguishes the writing, the singing of the spirituals, and the production as a whole. Mr. Connelly's direction is once again inspired in the way in which it creates a lovely glowing reverence without ever being sanctimonious and manages to employ humor as a tender expression of devotion. Ossie Davis is an enchanting Gabriel; Alonzo Bosan a per-

"A lusty comedy" —ATKINSON, Times
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A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
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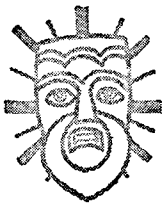
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fect Noah, impish but trusting; and John Marriott a profoundly moving Moses.

Let's face it with proper gratitude. "The Green Pastures" is a masterpiece. I came to recognize this early during its initial run and only wish I had had the sense to do so on the night of its opening. But then, to my shame, I missed the boat, which was quite a boat to miss considering it was the Ark. Though back in 1930 I saluted "The Green Pastures" as being brave and meritorious, I felt that, in spite of its charms and delights, it somehow fell short of its ultimate goal.

Perhaps my trouble was that when I first saw the play I had just finished reading Mr. Bradford's sketches and hence resented that grudging credit line which even now perplexes me by saying "suggested by" rather than "adapted from" or "based upon" Roark Bradford's book, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." Or perhaps, being younger and far more academic, I was theatre-blinded and therefore guilty of judging a work of the spirit in dry technical terms.

Whatever my reasons may have been, this much I know: I was wrong. Not so wrong as that Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church who, closing his eyes to the fundamentals of faith and the inherent sweetness of his people, has recently charged "The Green Pastures" with being "irreligious" and perpetuating "outmoded stereotypes" of Negroes, but even so, I was wrong. I was wrong because on that history-making first night I failed to recognize all that "The Green Pastures" represents dramatically, humanly, and spiritually.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

COUNTERFEIT MAULDIN & A BONA FIDE CREW

THE FACT that World War II was the best-reported event in journalistic history — with the possible exception of whatever it is we're in now—has proven both assist and handicap to film-makers who try to bring war to the screen. Exemplary firsthand reporting of the war has enabled them at least in the cases of "The Story of GI Joe" and "Battleground" to reconstruct battle convincingly and minus that faint odor of plaster and machinery which most of their bouts with history give off. But this can work both ways. Today's movie audience knows, as its civilian ancestors never did, the look and feel and smell of combat and requires of its depiction an authenticity which it has never demanded of, say, George Arliss pretending to be Disraeli or Voltaire or Alexander Hamilton. To paraphrase Hermine Isaacs, in a picture about so profound and universal an experience as the last war the faintest false note can have the effect of Joshua's horn.

"Up Front" (Universal) begins with a perfect cacophony of sour notes. Since Bill Mauldin's characters, cartoons, and captions seem to everybody alive the complete expression of what soldiers feel in combat the script writers evidently felt that they must be transported bodily to the screen. At first we follow an infantry captain innocent of combat experience (and fantastically naive in his expectations about it) from foxhole to foxhole of his new command, an exhausted, under-strength infantry company. His snail-like progress is slowed further by the necessity for the occupants of each foxhole to pause portentously and utter one or another of the immortal lines with which Mauldin captioned his cartoons. Most of the lines are properly put in the mouths of Willie and Joe, but even coming from them they aren't believable. These terse dialogues seem on paper to be common speech, but what actually gave them their deep appeal was that they expressed not the experience of a passing moment but some long-nursed grudge, some tenderness deeply buried in the heart. It is embarrassing to hear them spoken so patly, a fact of which the actors seem uncomfortably aware.

SO long as the picture stays up front, looking at it is like leafing rapidly through a book of Mauldin's cartoons or like watching a bad silent picture in which long actionless scenes are interrupted by a profusion of subtitles. (That was in the days when the movies were called galloping tintypes, and the phrase applies here.) Fortunately, the film decides to belie its title, and very soon we are in Naples watching the adventures of combat soldiers on pass. This is as well. David Wayne and Tom Ewell, though good and interesting actors, are unable to suggest Willie and Joe—who could? But once they are allowed to emerge from behind their carefully appliquéd beards and grime they develop quite believable, if superficial, characters of their own.

The action centers around their quixotic attempts to extricate from the law an Italian family accused of bootlegging and blackmarket activities. This makes for pretty good slapstick, but it isn't the horseplay of the Army; the professional instincts of the film-makers soon prompt them to fall back on the tried-and-true routines of show business, so that even while you laugh you reject the film as any sort of presentment of what went on in and around the *galeria* in Naples. It's good fun, but that's all.

Perhaps it could legitimately be all, except that the picture is always signaling that it seriously intends to bring the matter and manner of Mauldin's books to the screen. In this it wholly fails—except for the sequence

David Wayne and Tom Ewell in "Up Front"—"never captures deep bone-weariness."

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which enlarges on the belief of a large section of the officer caste that anyone who wears brass is thereby licensed to indulge in open and pertinacious sadism. The picture is quite extensively explicit on this point and pretty convincingly so, except that the whole episode ends with what amounts to an enlisted man's dream: the rear-echelons are pressed into combat duty and the chicken major is broken to lieutenant. Though fantastic, this episode does perhaps preserve something of Mauldin's spirit and outlook. What the film as a whole never captures, what it never seems even aware of, is that deep bone-weariness and utter disbelief in the possibility of good fortune, which in "All Quiet on the Western Front" was called the war-disgust. Without that "Up Front" can hardly pretend to be more than a counterfeit of what Bill Mauldin saw and felt that winter in Italy.

Because it pretends to much less the picture which was called "USS Teakettle" (Twentieth Century-Fox) and has been retitled "You're in the Navy Now" will sit better with anyone who knows how things went from 1940 to 1945 than will "Up Front." It concerns itself with the hazards of a crew of landlubbers and recent civilians who man a vessel which the Navy is using for experimental purposes. Their adventures are modestly but hilariously set forth and are convincingly reminiscent of the fantastic makeshifts to which hard-pressed service men must resort in the unending battle to do a military job against the grain of military routine. —RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SRL Recommends

You're in the Navy Now: Reviewed in this issue.

Fourteen Hours: You'll leave this ninety-two-minute film feeling as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Sentiment with minimum treacle in absorbing ups and downs of itinerant Georgia preacher. One of Heaven's more handsome ushers—but why not? (*SRL* Mar. 3.)

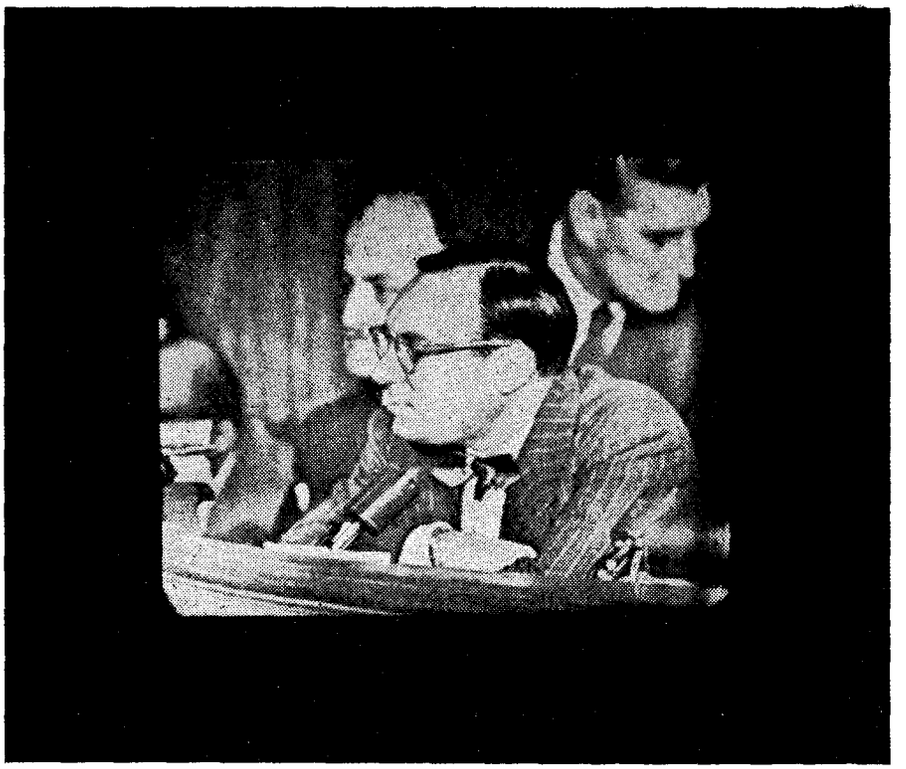
Chance of a Lifetime: Challenged workers accept boss's shoes at farm-implement factory in austerity England, illuminating, without party banners, both sides of labor-management tussle. (*SRL* Mar. 10.)

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the Korean war. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

TV and Radio

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE TELEVISION INDUSTRY



—*Gary Wagner-ABC.*

Rudolph Halley, Kefauver Committee counsel—"merely the whoppingest circus"?

THE KEFAUVER Senate Crime Investigating Committee hearings are continuing in Washington, D.C., at this writing, after their two lively weeks in New York. No doubt the inquiring Senators on their home grounds in the national capital will continue to provide TV audiences with the same bewitching brew of entertainment and information that lured millions of citizens to TV sets during the Committee's sessions in New York's Foley Square. No current or future testimony, however, is likely to rival the revelations so dramatically made in the town of the "Prime Minister of Crime," Mr. Frank Costello. The Costello-Hill-O'Dwyer parlay hit the jackpot, if we may mix two gambling metaphors; the rest is anticlimactic.

The television industry did its job brilliantly. There is no detraction in saying that there was really nothing for it to do: merely turn cameras on the show, and let it unfold. TV, however, did cover the hearings, cancel programs, recapitulate the days' testimony in the evenings, go all out.

Neither does it mar the industry's performance to say that public demand for the televising of the hearings was too great to be ignored or denied. The public-service responsibility was clear. The issue of whether or not the presence of cameras at such hearings constitutes a dangerous invasion of a witness's constitutional rights seems fairly on its way to being settled. Support is growing steadily for the opinion that TV ought to be granted the same privileges as those accorded press and films, provided that the fullest consideration is given to witnesses acting in good faith and that the atmosphere of a spectacle is avoided.

THE American people have had a profound community experience in the Kefauver crime hearings. The event has revived in some measure the ancient, original form of Athenian democracy, in which all citizens of Athens participated directly in public affairs. The excitement of sitting in intimate judgment on the officially exalted and the glamorously corrupt and the thrill of having powerful figures, customarily remote or mysterious, make personal account to the viewers, each has been exhilarating.

Substantially, the hearings have spelled out in concrete detail abstractions that we have all known. No one is shocked that some politicians are

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iniquitous, that many hoodlums are wealthy, and that specimens of both genera are invariably bosom-serpents. There are few of us, however, who know what it all adds up to.

On the one hand you hear: "Nothing will come of it. It's just shrewd politics. It won't go too far up. It will have to stop short of where it really hurts." On the other hand you attempt to come to grips with the essence of the matter. This is a problem in crime, you reason: the criminal is always with us. Will the deportation of Costello, the election of "reform" candidates who shoulder fresh brooms, the passage of Federal laws dam this too familiar flood of improbity?

The government official and the police officer are tempted by the racketeer's lucre; the gambler lives on the two-dollar bet. The syndicate waxes fat on the unexorcised impulse to wager that is respectably satisfied at church socials, lodge parties, and veterans' meetings. The barber's "on-the-nose-to-win" is legal at the pari-mutuel window—an offense off the track; the stenographer's "snake-eyes" at the gaming table is O.K. just across the county line—but a raid risk inside city limits.

HOW shall one regard this old social scourge of crime, in the light of the Senate upturnings? What can be done about it?

A reporter, traditionally, does not attempt to answer such questions; they belong on the editorial page. But why? There is no other subject upon which the broadcasters could more expediently editorialize. I should be much, much obliged to the networks if they followed up the Kefauver hearings with several enterprising and well-thought-out documentaries that really got down to cases on the subject, that were broadcast at favorable times, and publicized even slightly after the Kefauver fashion.

I want to know what to think about what I have seen. I want leadership and direction by the experts—criminologists, psychologists, sociologists, statesmen, yes, even philosophers. I want to know whether the Senate crime hearings were merely the whoppingest circus I ever saw—or whether this thing called television can really make a positive dent in our national mores. This is the investigation's ultimate challenge; and no other communication medium has demonstrated a greater capacity to meet it than TV, as the hearings have amply proved. Will television grasp the opportunity or will it rest on its well-deserved Kefauver laurels? We shall follow with interest the industry's response to its greatest challenge.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Music to My Ears

"HOFFMANN" ON FILM—"MANON"—FLAGSTAD "FAREWELL"

IT IS altogether probable that E. T. A. Hoffmann—composer, conductor, lawyer, critic, mystic, wanderer, amorist, and, finally, poet—would be enchanted by the film London Studios has made of the Offenbach opera based on certain of his stories. For richness of effects and the profusion of them, for the blending of notable voices with plausible bodies and faces—not always their own—that make for a composite imagery which composers dream about but rarely see, together with a release from all concerns of time and space, "Tales of Hoffmann" is a film that makes Hollywood seem a colony of amateurs and television a plaything for children. To be sure, "Tales of Hoffmann" is anything but perfect, but it is also everything but perfect. (In terms of pure musical pleasure it can be called an Offenbacchanal.)

No doubt if such a project ever was ventured in this country the producers would search out an unknown young English tenor and make a Hoffmann of him. Not inhibited by such concerns, our English friends merely canvassed the field for the best man possible and decided that his name was Robert Rounseville, whose Hoffmann was born not at the Opéra Comique in Paris but at the City Center right here in New York. He was a brilliant prospect then; having profited since by association with that arch-Offenbachian Sir Thomas Beecham, Rounseville realizes not only the values of the music with his fine tenor voice but also the sense of the apt translation done by Dennis Arundell.

Robert Rounseville—"best man possible."

Originally it was the conception of Pressburger and Powell, its producers, to make "Hoffmann" a matching of fine voices with mute but believable dramatic performers. Thus, the whole sound track was made before a camera turned, with the likes of Robert Helpmann, Leonide Massine, Pamela Brown, Frederick Ashton, Moira Shearer, and Ludmilla Tcherina standing by to mime the action to its sound. However, the recording sessions revealed Rounseville as a more than moderately photogenic young man, and plans were revised to have him act as well as sing his role. A similar concession was granted to Ann Ayers, likewise an American product of the City Center, who sings Antonia.

I leave to those accredited to that field to discuss "Tales of Hoffmann" as a film: there is far more than enough to occupy the musical specialist in as many paragraphs as I have. If there is both a hero and a culprit in this enterprise his name is Jacques Offenbach. He it was who brought into being, as the crowning achievement of his long musical life, the splendor and pageantry of this score, its heady libations and languorous barcarolle, its roistering "Kleinzach," and its almost noble duet of Hoffmann and Antonia. He also wrote some stretches of dull dialogue which pass muster in the theatre but are occasionally heavy going in the plus-two-hour length of this film. Had Sir Thomas as musical director been less devoted to his task "Hoffmann" would certainly not be anything like the musical pleasure it is; but here is one instance where justice to Offenbach might have been tempered with mercy for the audience.

If, incidentally, I am alone in that opinion I shall be delighted; for the high spots of this enterprise are magnificent in fantasy and realization, in the extension of the printed score to realms of spectacle no proscenium could frame. I have no idea what project these intrepid people contemplate as their next, but it is certain to make conventional opera even paler than in truth it is.

Aside from the singers mentioned, of whom Rounseville is uncannily good and Miss Ayers quite acceptable, the ear is most attracted by a remarkable Welshman named Bruce Dargavel who sings Coppelius, Dapertutto, and Dr. Miracle with amazing virility of

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sound and a range wholly extraordinary. To say that he will be heard from is, in effect, an untruth; he already has been. Monica Sinclair is a satisfactory Nicklaus and Dorothy Bond a pretty-sounding Olympia. Margherita Grandi's voice is rather grating as Giulietta, and I could well spare the rather Gilbert-and-Sullivanish tenor of Graham Clifford as Spalanzani and Franz.

However, when other things cloy, there is always Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, whose joint work is as stimulating to the ear as the Technicolor is to the eye. As in "Brief Encounter," "Quartet," "Trio," and, of course, "Red Shoes," the English producers have manifested a belief in the creative possibilities of music for film usage far more mature and artistic than Disney's "Fantasia" or any comparable native venture. Thus, the ballad of "Kleinzach," static in the opera, becomes a ballet; the puppets of Spalanzani and Coppelius become participants in the action of Olympia and Hoffmann, while the waltz could hardly be more delightful. In fact, one is tempted to retrace the lines above and remove all the quibbles. But those who have labored so well to produce so much are entitled to a measurement suitable to the magnitude of the thing done, which is four stars certainly and at least three cheers. We will save the tiger for next time.

* * *

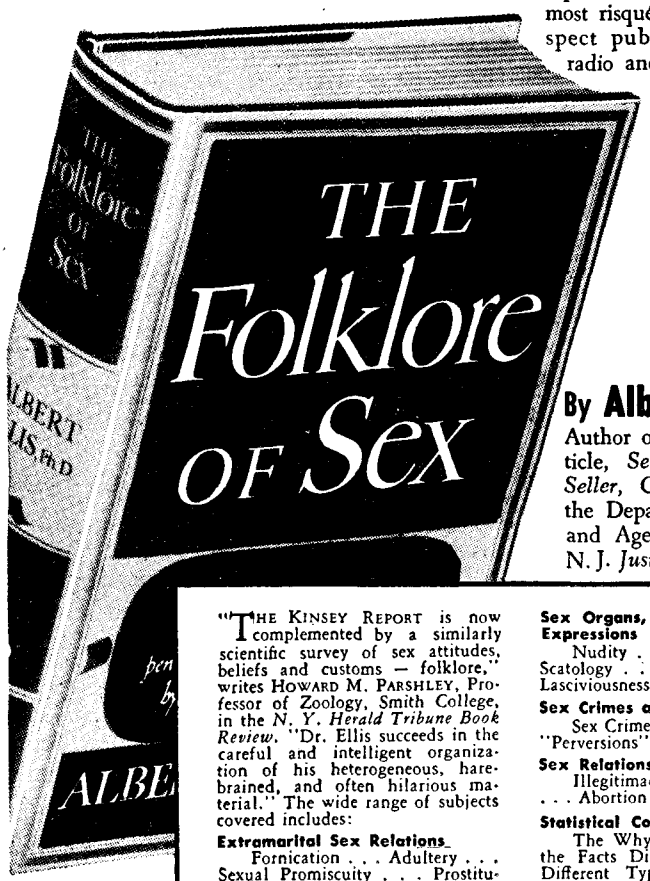
Another score for which some of us have a weakness is enjoying more than customary good service these days at the City Center when Jean Morel is conducting "Manon" and David Poleri is singing Des Grieux. It is a long while since Massenet has been treated so tenderly hereabouts (probably not since Beecham was doing the same work at the Metropolitan during the war), and the good-looking Poleri has an altogether unusual gift for singing this kind of romantic part. Miss Ayers is an appealing Manon to see, though sometimes a little tight and shrill in sound. Ralph Herbert and Walter Cassell are also assets of an ensemble directed with fine skill by Jose Ruben.

* * *

If March 26, 1951 did in fact mark the final appearance of Kirsten Flagstad at the Metropolitan, let the record read that she retired on the crest of an Isolde sung with magisterial poise and a vocal power to match virtually any recollections of her best. If the scenes between Flagstad and Svanholm sometimes suggested mother and son rather than romantic lovers, she was in sound years his junior.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

What do Americans really believe, think, and feel about sex?



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(Continued from page 9)

huge lead which the Democrats have initially in terms of party affiliation is cut down sharply when the non-voters are eliminated. Not only do the Republicans appeal most to those groups which are most likely to come out and vote anyhow, but the Republicans appear, from these results, to do a better job of getting out their voters in every category of the population.

The most noteworthy groups among whom the Republicans score their biggest gains are the housewives, professionals, and labor groups. The fact that the Republicans are able to bring 57 per cent of their labor followers to the polls, as contrasted with only 50 per cent of the Democratic working people, is especially interesting in view of the passage of the Taft-Hartley Law under a GOP Congress and the vigorous campaigns the trade unions have waged against such Republican symbols as Taft and others.

Another area in which the Democrats fail to capitalize on their support is among the women voters. By a 3 to 2 margin, women say they are inclined toward the Democratic Party. But the Republicans normally turn out 55 per cent of their women supporters, while the Democrats produce a yield of only 39 per cent of theirs. As a result, the Democratic edge among actual voters is reduced to the slimmest margin of 51 to 49 per cent.

Another rather startling group is the young people—those between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-four. Young people are inclined to be Democratic by a 2 to 1 margin. But the Republicans turn out 46 per cent of their youth, while the Democrats get only 36 per cent of their young followers out to vote. Thus, in the final count of actual voters the Democratic lead is cut among young people by 5 percentage points. As a matter of fact, this failure of young people to vote comes as particularly discouraging news to those who look to the newer voting generation to carry the burdens of future political leadership. The facts from our survey would appear to refute the contention that younger people are the most alert citizens in our midst. They are, indeed, among the most dormant voters in the electorate.

The fact that older people tend to come out and vote works distinctly to the Republicans' advantage. The Democrats have a lead among those fifty and over of 54 to 46 per cent. But because the Republicans bring 61 per cent of their older voters to the polls on election day while the Democrats are able to persuade 51 per cent of their elderly followers to vote the Republicans lead among the actual older voters by a 55 to 45 per cent count.

The transformation from a heavily-inclined Democratic population to a very evenly divided voting electorate is most dramatically illustrated when people are divided according to economic level. The Republican Party holds a big lead among the most prosperous people in the nation. And what is more, they increase this lead among actual voters. A very high 80 per cent of the prosperous Republicans make it their business to vote.

AT THE other end of the scale the least-monied people are overwhelmingly Democratic—by a 70 to 30 per cent margin. However, 66 per cent of the poorer Democratic voters stay home election day. In effect, as far as winning elections is concerned one prosperous Republican voter is worth almost three Democrats in the lowest income group. In addition, even among the lowest income group in the population the Republicans still do a better job of getting their vote out than do the Democrats—34 per cent of the lowest income Democrats vote compared with 44 per cent of the lowest income Republicans.

A similar pattern shapes up in the towns and cities between 2,500 and 100,000 population and in the Midwest, where there are more people who call themselves Democrats than Republicans. But both in these medium-sized towns and in the central section of the country the Republicans are able to realize much more of their potential, with the result that the Republican Party can claim more followers among the actual voters.

It was said after the 1948 elections

5. *Voting Turnout of Sources of Republican Party Strength*

	Per cent
Prosperous	77
Executive	75
Professionals	74
College Educated	66
Upper middle income	63
Northeast	62
50 and over	60
2500 to 100,000	57

7. *Two-Party Division of Entire Population vs. Division of the Voting Population*

	Among the Population over 21 claiming to be		*Among those who turn out to vote*	
	Democratic per cent	*Republican per cent*	*Democratic per cent*	*Republican per cent*
TOTAL	60	40	53	47
By Occupation				
Housewife	60	40	51	49
Professional	53	47	49	51
Executive	36	64	32	68
White-collar	52	48	47	53
Labor	70	30	66	34
Farmer	67	33	64	36
By Sex				
Men	59	41	55	45
Women	60	40	51	49
By Age				
21-34	66	34	61	39
35-49	59	41	51	46
50 and over	54	46	45	55
By Economic Status				
Prosperous	31	69	27	73
Upper Middle Income	47	53	41	59
Lower Middle	60	40	55	45
Poor	70	30	64	36
By Education				
Grade School	66	34	60	40
High School	61	39	54	46
College	46	54	43	57
By Size of Place				
Over 100,000	63	37	55	45
2500 to 100,000	58	42	49	51
Under 2500	62	38	55	45
By Region				
Northeast	46	54	40	60
Midwest	52	48	46	54
South	80	20	80	20
Far West	64	36	61	39

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6. Voting Turnout of Sources of Democratic Party Strength

	Per cent
Far West	48
Labor	47
Women	45
Housewives	44
Grade school or less educated	43
21-34 years old	40
South	39
Poor	37

that the size of the vote had little to do with the outcome, since with a relatively light turnout the Democrats were able to win. As a matter of fact, we found in a ward-by-ward analysis that Truman's margin of victory appeared to be due to a slightly better turnout among usually dormant Democratic groups combined with a poorer turnout among the usually voting Republican groups. Our survey results would indicate that there is indeed a highly significant relationship between the size of the vote and the outcome.

One would have to conclude, therefore, that the Democrats have more to gain from the various "Get Out the Vote" drives which are conducted every time there is an election. But the Democrats' basic advantage is that they are far more numerous. We would be virtually a one-party nation —Democratic dominated—if we had a law which made it compulsory for every citizen over twenty-one to vote.

This, however, is a big "if," and we are not anywhere near the day in this country when more than even 60 per cent of the eligible voters are likely to come out to cast their ballots. For example, in 1950 only 44 per cent of the voters took the trouble to vote, and the difference in popular vote between the Democrats and the Republicans was eleven one hundredths of one per cent. The Republicans edged the Democrats by 31,547 votes out of 40,351,862 ballots which were cast for Congressional seats.

Perhaps more of the people would vote if a greater number of people engaged in political activity. It might well be that with scarcely more than 10 per cent of the people in the "Very Active" group we cannot hope for a larger turnout than 50 per cent.

When close to half the people don't vote we get representatives who are indeed representative of but part of the people. When hardly more than 10 per cent of the people take the trouble to influence the choice of the candidates and less than 20 per cent try to influence officials once they are elected to office the democratic process in America can hardly be called a model of functioning self-rule.

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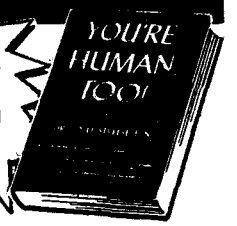

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HUMOR

(*Continued from page 14*)

the word hazard had taken on an added meaning. All in all, thought the Dodges, it was time to pull up stakes, destination Chile in a meandering, roundabout way. What happened and how make up this saga, written in a good-natured, never offensive, mostly interesting way.

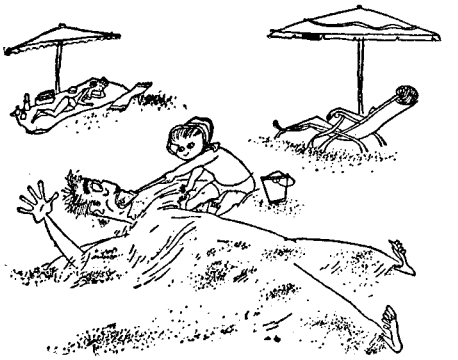
I don't think it will be giving anything away to mention that they wind up in Juan les Pins on the Côte d'Azur in southern France, a fabulous watering hole for the international smart set. What's more, they find a beautiful house overlooking the blue Mediterranean, furnished complete with a French cook for about seventy-five dollars a month. We can all now be looking for the blurbs announcing the new David Dodge book about what happens to them in France, some of which will be funny, some sad, all fabulous.

Humor Notes

HERE WE GO AGAIN. By Virgil Franklin Partch. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $1. In sixty-four cartoons depicting the life & times of a draftee VIP has drawn a persuasive argument against war. The conformity, the inanity, the griping that are rampant in Partch's Army are true to some extent of General Hershey's, too, and these endearing qualities are spotlighted in this book. No one who has ever worn a uniform will have any difficulty in recognizing the sergeants who made G.I. life so unforgettable.

To illustrate just how much fun Army life can't be VIP has cartooned everyone at his *armyest*, a word the English language should have acquired many wars ago. Here are the NCO's and officers represented as they should be—the sergeants as alligators; supply sergeants as skinflints; mess sergeants as mess sergeants; M.P.s as two-headed men; second lieutenants as rosy-cheeked wonders who upon promotion turn into neolithic monsters.

The good cartoons are VIP at his best, a compound of the plausible and implausible adding up to incisive comment. Yet there is enough third-rate Partch in the book to make you wonder whether a few of the drawings aren't his left-overs from World War II. Despite their inclusion, this collection is as good as any introduction to the Army short of actual induction. It will leave you with as correct an impression of the armed forces as, say,



—*From "20,000 Leagues Behind the 8 Ball."*

a year on K. P. I cannot resist adding, though, that war is no longer a subject for wild humor. In a world dabbling in atomic extinction even a talent such as Partch's applied to the Army is difficult to enjoy—exuberantly and guiltlessly. The morning's headlines are much too close.

FUN FARE: A Treasury of Reader's Digest Wit and Humor. Selected by the Editor of Reader's Digest. Simon & Schuster. Cloth, $2.50. *Paper,* $1. This book should prove a best seller in the few countries that have been overlooked by the monthly edition of *The Reader's Digest.* The treasury of the best wit and humor ever to appear in the *RD* no doubt will be fresh in, say, Nepal, even if it is old stuff to the faithful of this most widely read American magazine. It's not difficult to picture the boys in Kathmandu howling over the story of the distracted woman who, as she plunged her hand into her blouse for some handkerchiefs, murmured: "I *know* I had two when I came."

Yet it is surprising to discover how many of the anecdotes which won a coast-to-coast chuckle were brought to the nation's attention by the *RD.* Here are the best quips, gags, puns, wit to appear in the much-quoted *RD* departments—Barbed Wires, Spiced Tongue, Tit for Tat, and Pardon, Your Slip is Showing. That the laughs are frequent is a credit to the technique of stalking all of the country's magazines in quest of popular, homespun humor.

The collection is weakened by the inclusion of corn. Evidently the *RD,* so expert at applying the scalpel to the material of other magazines, got blood-shy when confronted with the task of cutting itself down to anthology size. The treasury could have netted many more belly-laughs if its pace had not been impeded by j-o-k-e-s. For every nugget of anthology stature there are perhaps fifty variations of: Sue: "I wonder if Jack loves me?" Mabel: "Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?"

Which goes to show that this 316-page book might have been a wonder-

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ful package of the man-in-the-street's humor if it had been kept down to the size of the *RD* itself.

HOPALONG-FREUD. By Ira Wallach. Henry Schuman. $2. With a pyrotechnical display of parody Ira Wallach has put in his bid to become Writers' Enemy No. 1. Armed with wit, scalpel, and a .105 mm cannon he has stormed the best-seller lists and in a 134-page explosion has turned out a variety of pieces satirizing the nation's preferences—in authors, in styles, in Unforgettable Characters at loose in modern fiction.

It is all here in this anthology of humor, an enthusiastic one-man show in which Mr. Wallach exhibits his talent as a quick-change artist. There is the Ernest Hemingway character in Out of the Frying Pan and Into the Soup who, sipping Citranella '08 straight and true, is "sixty and a Private First Class in the Army of the United States, and it didn't look as though he would live to be a corporal again"; the Truman Capote creation in The Second-Hand Magnolia who "was handsome in a dying sort of way, with his lost eyes, his thin nose, the ineffably delicate movements of his hands, his lint-free navel"; the Thomas Merton-type autobiographer who, in The Fourteen Carat Molehill, confesses: "I knew that I, my own degraded soul, had been responsible for World War II, the floods in China, the famine in India, the early frost in Minnesota, and the mediocre Broadway season of 1949. It was too big a burden for any man to wear."

Plenty of other literary celebrities also are embalmed in this collection. Among them are Sir Aubrey Hopalong-Freud (none other than T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party's" psychiatrist, Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly) who proposes a toast "to those who remain kempt among the unkempt." And the Earl of Essence of the historical romance; Babykins, a tyke with captions, drawings by George Price; the eminent Chinese who write about Life from Central Park West, and so on. In addition, the author has thrown in a couple of crackling take-offs on the erudite, annotated pieces that appear in the psychoanalytic journals and small magazines.

Most of Mr. Wallach's acrobatics come off, but there are a few handstands—such as Death Opens the Mail, the "What's your racket?"-type whodunit—that suffer from Mr. Wallach's uncontrollable use of the ludicrous. Still, why complain? This collection is as amusing and cutting as his well-received first venture into satire, "How to Be Deliriously Happy."

—BERNARD KALB.

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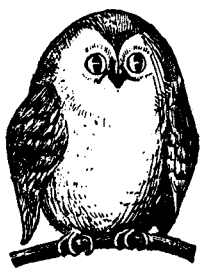

AND SO'S YOUR ANTIMACASSAR

A LITTLE TREASURY OF VICTORIAN DUSTCATCHERS

BY CHARLES VIRET

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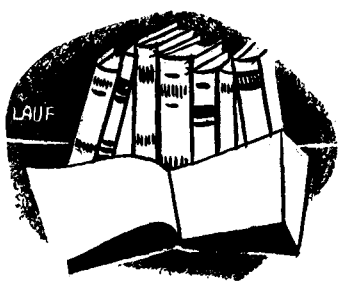
NEW EDITIONS

ONE OF the most unusual books to come my way in many years is the "Holy Family Edition of the Catholic Bible" (Catholic Press, $27.95), edited by the Reverend John P. O'Connell. Cleanly printed in large type and designed for easy reading, this volume of 1,732 pages is replete with features that must prove interesting and instructive to any reader or student of the Bible. Old and New Testaments are illustrated by reproductions in full color of 335 paintings done by J. J. Tissot during the last decades of the nineteenth century; other paintings illustrate the Stations of the Cross; both the history of Israel and the life of Jesus are presented in pictorial maps; the use of the Rosary is graphically demonstrated; and every step in the Sacrifice of the Mass is charted, pictured, and explained. Included are a collation of New Testament texts and a 300,000-word Catholic dictionary—from "Aaron" to "Zwinglianism"—that is really a compact encyclopedia of the faith. Footnotes provide orthodox interpretations of difficult or doubtful passages, while three papal encyclicals dealing with the reading of Scripture are given in full. Also provided are a "presentation page" and pages for the family tree, ornamented in imitation of medieval manuscripts. Bound in some kind of flexible fabricoid, the book opens—and lies open—easily. Father O'Connell, at the age of thirty-three, has to his credit a huge task well done.

The text of the Old Testament is that of the Douay Bible, as revised by Bishop Challoner of London, 1749-50. The text of the New Testament and Psalms is that of the Confraternity Edition, a recent product of American scholarship. These versions will often and even constantly seem strange to eyes and ears that are accustomed only to the words of King James's translators (on the other hand, Catholics "are forbidden to read Protestant versions of the Scriptures"), but any unprejudiced person will find the prose of the Douay-Challoner Old Testament both clear and eloquent and will read the Confraternity New Testament with pleasure and respect. This "Holy Family Edition" should be widely welcomed at a time when the Church is more than ever before encouraging the faithful to read the Scriptures in approved vernacular versions—a practice that was from the thirteenth century on long discouraged or at least hedged about with restrictions.



Father Martindale's "The Faith of the Roman Church," first published some twenty years ago and now reissued by Sheed & Ward ($2.50), is a book that lucidly, cogently, and laconically fulfills the promise of its title. Beginning with the nature of man and the nature of God, the author passes by way of revelation to the essential Catholic doctrines and concludes with views of the Church's place in history and in an ever more disordered world. There is, of course, no chink in Father Martindale's armor or certitude; no relaxation of rigid dogmatism.

JAMES RHODES'S beautiful translations of two of the most charming Catholic classics—"The Little Flowers of St. Francis" and "The Life of Brother Giles"—are obtainable in a single volume of the World's Classics (Oxford, $1.50). And the Oxford University Press continues to serve, faithfully and well, readers of Dickens and Trollope. "Dombey and Son" ($3), with reproductions of the original illustrations by "Phiz" printed from remade plates and an introduction by H. W. Garrod, is a recent addition to the Press's "New Illustrated Dickens"; and "The Small House at Allington" is now to be had in a World's Classics "Double Volume" ($1.75). Mr. Garrod reminds us that the death of little Paul "threw a whole nation into mourning," but I doubt that many sincere tears are shed for the child today. Most of us now enjoy "Dombey and Son" in spite, rather than because, of him. And I must admit that I am not one of those who hold Lily Dale, "the pearl of Allington," dearest of all Trollope's heroines. "The Small House," however, is so full of good things and people—including Lord De Guest, that peerless peer—that no one can regret Trollope's rather reluctant consent to include it in the Barsetshire canon.

Important Bantam Giant: Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (35¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
COMPANY CROSS SECTION		
RCA Victor RESPIGHI: "FESTE ROMANE" (1928). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 55	▶ A brilliant and exciting recording in the upper end—dryness favors the complex score. Bass thin; limiter action bad on percussion.	▶ Toscanini in his element—this is a far more explicitly alive job than Ormandy's Columbia rival. Remarkable influence of "Petrouchka" in this work.
SCHUBERT: "UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY. NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 54	▶ Like above, the NBC has good highs, weak bass, abnormally muffled acoustics—the established NBC-Toscanini sound. Not so good for Schubert. The (German) Bamberg job is nicely live, wide-range, but with tape hum & noise. Rosamunde has unfortunate earlier Mercury cutoff (6000?) of highs; dull sounding on good equipment.	▶ Worlds apart in conception. Toscanini's is abnormally fast, clean, accurate, almost metronomic, schmaltz-less. The Bamberg version is ultra-South-German—very slow, romantically expressive, on the mushy side. Not too bad even so, in spite of some bad ensemble. "Rosamunde" is rather pleasant in this relaxed treatment.
SCHUBERT: "UNFINISHED" SYMPHONY: "ROSAMUNDE" INCIDENTAL MUSIC. Bamberg Symphony, Robt. Heger. Mercury LP: MG 10034		
STRAUSS: "ROSENKAVALIER" SUITE (Dorati). Robin Hood Dell Orch., Dorati. RCA Victor LP: LM 48	▶ A fine recording this—quite live; distant-pickup style. Only fault is, as usual, a lack (on big machines) of enough real bass.	▶ Dorati-conducted stage and ballet music is always worth notice—this is a refreshing performance, the familiar waltzes left in context with other music.
TCHAIKOVSKY: "NUTCRACKER" SUITE. Leopold Stokowski & His Orch. RCA Victor LP: LM 46 (SAME) Kurt Graunke Orch., Schmidt-Boelcke. Mercury LP: MG 15017	▶ Stokowski's RCA records always contrast with Toscanini's. This is elaborately live, with clean though subdued highs, usual thinnish bass. The German job has sharper highs, more bass, some distortion.	▶ The German version, not as cleanly played as Stoky's, stands up well. Do I detect a freshness that Stokowski can no longer summon for this overplayed work?
MENDELSSOHN: TRIO IN D. RAVEL: TRIO IN A MINOR. TCHAIKOVSKY: TRIO IN A MINOR. Rubinstein, Heifetz, Piatigorsky. RCA Victor LP's: LM 1119; 1120.	▶ The "Million Dollar Trio," here launched, revives former trio that had Feuermann, now dead. These are brilliant artists all; good drama and intensity are bound to be forthcoming, publicity or no. But inevitable differences of personal style, strong temperament, makes for an uneasy ensemble, a neutrality of interpretation whether German, Russian, or French. Mendelssohn, an easy-going but dramatic composer, fares best I'd say. With maximum bass boost these sound well on wide-range equipment.	
SCHUMANN: "KINDERSCENEN"; CHOPIN: MAZURKAS. Horowitz. CHOPIN: SONATA IN B FLAT MINOR. BARBER: SONATA (1950). Horowitz. RCA Victor LP's: LM 1109; 1113.	▶ Fine for table phonos—virtually no bass at all in these. With huge bass boost, sound is fairly balanced on big machines. Live, fairly distant. Some bad tape flutter. (Watch for Vanguard's Blancard "Kinderscenen.")	▶ Typical Horowitz fare—eclectic. His virtuoso technique, showmanship, make Chopin exciting, put over the dissonantly romantic Barber. But neither Schumann nor Chopin get the personal, intimate touch they need.
HELEN TRAUBEL SINGS WAGNER (Vol. 2). (Excerpts from five operas, soprano solo.) RCA Victor Orch., Weissmann. RCA Victor LP: LM 1123	▶ An impressive recording, technically gorgeous with beautiful depth and liveness, balance, adequate bass (for once). Musically worth a long pause even for those who are no Traubel fans. Here she is at her best, the tremendous voice fresh, beautifully controlled; tendency to vocal overweight at minimum, the projection lean and youthful. She can't match Flagstad for luminous pitch, for the exquisitely long phrase, nor for diction (hers is a peculiar German accent!), but this is Wagner-in-the-highest, even so.	
AMERICAN SONGS (18th c.) Margaret Truman; Robt. Shaw Chorale, RCA Victor Orch., Shaw. RCA Victor LP: LM 57	▶ An excellent recording of these forces—nice liveness in chorus & orch., good balance with the solo voice.	▶ Interesting—harsh, uncultivated choral music of Billings *et al*, plus Europeanized parlor songs of Francis Hopkinson. La Truman is parlor good in this simple stuff. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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WORKOUTS FOR WRITERS

(*Continued from page 19*)

Students are entitled to New York University Summer School credits.

The staff includes Margaret Widdemer, Carl Carmer, Elizabeth Black Carmer, Anne Passell, who gives a special course in the editing of club bulletins, David Morton, and Charles Abbott.

John Holmes will also give a new course in the New York University Summer School, from July 2 to 20—"The Personal Letter as an Art Form."

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT WRITERS CONFERENCE, at Storrs, held its first session in 1950. The dates this year are June 25-30, and Robert Wooster Stallman is director.

Expenses are $17.50 for auditors and $22.50 for contributors. For book-length manuscripts an additional fee of $10 is charged. Dormitory rooms are available at $2.50 a night, and meals may be had in the faculty grill.

Among the staff members are Caroline Gordon, Oscar Williams, John Malcolm Brinnin, Malcolm Cowley, Marjorie Flack, and Elizabeth Riley.

An annual award of $50 is offered by Doubleday & Co. for the best fiction manuscript submitted. Last year's winner was David Cherney of Newark, N. J.

CORPUS CHRISTI FINE ARTS COLONY, 1114 Seventh St., Corpus Christi, Texas, Mrs. Buford H. Kirk, president, 301 Brooks Drive, Corpus Christi. This year's dates are June 4-16. The Colony was established in 1948 through the initiative of Hortense Warner Ward, state president of the National League of American Penwomen. It is held under the auspices of the NLAPW, the Texas College of Arts and Sciences of Kingsville, and the Del Mar College at Corpus Christi.

In addition to courses in painting and music, there is a full-time workshop in poetry and the short story under the direction of Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

Fees are kept as low as possible, as this is a non-profit venture. Scholarships are available in all workshops, and information may be had from Mrs. Kirk.

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, Edward H. Schmidt, director, began in 1930 and was given up in 1942, being reopened in 1947. The 1951 dates are July 23-August 10. Enrollment is limited to 125.

Expenses: Minimum tuition $45, based on the rate of $15 for a single workshop of a week's duration. The charge for each workshop beyond the first three is $10 up to a maximum of $85, which includes admission to all workshops. Students may enroll for one, two, or three weeks, provided the maximum tuition is paid. There are reading fees in addition to tuition.

Accommodations are provided in a university dormitory at varying prices, as well as in private homes and hotels. A number of scholarships are available, especially to college students.

This year's staff includes Randall Jarrell in poetry, Manuel Komroff in the novel, Virginia Kellogg of the Screen Writers' Guild in nonfiction, and Viola Brothers Shore in the short story.

REGIONAL WRITERS WORKSHOP OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER, Alan Swallow, director, Bruce P. Woodford, assistant director. The dates this year are from June 18 to July 20. The Workshop runs the first five weeks of the University's Summer School and is a part of the regular courses in creative writing. College credits may be had for the courses.

Tuition is $9 a credit or audit hour, and students enrolling for the Workshop as a part of their regular work pay $65. Individual sessions may be attended, with the tuition apportioned accordingly. Living expenses are moderate.

Among the staff members are Catharine Barrett, Marian Castle, J. V. Cunningham, Thomas W. Duncan, James T. Farrell, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Vincent McHugh, William Pedin, Mark Harris, Frank Waters, and a number of other authorities in various fields.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL WESTERN FOLKLORE CONFERENCE, directed by Dr. L. J. Davidson, will be held on the campus of the University July 12-14.

WRITERS CONFERENCE OF THE FLORIDA WRITERS COLONY, Venice, Fla., held its first sessions in 1950, with Joseph Lawren as director. The dates this year for three sessions are April 1-7, June 3-9, December 30-January 5.

Expenses are as follows: one course a session $10, additional courses $5 each; a group fee for all classes is $25, and there is a $10 registration fee. Living accommodations are available at various inns and hotels.

Registration is limited to seventy-five, and classes are held in Kentucky Military Institute near the headquarters of the Colony. A number of prizes are being offered in various categories.

The staff includes Elizabeth Counselman, Eugene Jones, Rita Kissin, and others to be announced.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S SUMMER INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under the auspices of Fordham University, the Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, director, was started in 1948, and this year's dates are July 5 to August 14. All sessions are on the university campus, 190th St. and Third Ave., The Bronx, New York City.

Expenses: registration $5, $27 for each thirty-hour course, with ten workshops offered, fifteen two-hour symposium lectures with guest speakers, $27.

Workshops in poetry, playwriting, fiction, the novel, and the short story will be conducted by Anne Freemantle, Herschel Brickell, F. X. Connolly, Reginald Lawrence, and Alfred J. Barrett. There will be additional workshops in journalism, feature writing, typography, layout, and the art of illumination. Symposium lecturers include Meyer Berger, John Kieran, Gretta Palmer, Robert Giroux, and others.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, Hendersonville, N.C., Evelyn G. Haines, executive director. Class work will be offered from July 1 to August 26. The Workshop is affiliated with Western Carolina Teachers' College.

Students live in log cabins and are expected to contribute a minimum of half an hour a day to camp routine. Expenses: tuition $10 a week in any subject, all phases of writing being covered, board and room, single cabin, $45 a week, shared double cabin, $25 a week a person.

Among the staff members are Edwin Osgood Grover, Douglas Bailey, Helen Diehl Olds, Manly Wade Wellman, Vivian Laramore Rader, Ruth McCoy Harris, George McAlmon, Georgia Nicholas, and Jean Hersey.

Events open to the public are the Blue Ridge Animated Magazine, August 25, and the National Art Exhibit July 10-16.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, Bloomington, Richard B. Hudson, director, was started in 1940 and will be held this year July 8-14, a single session instead of the two in past years.

The fees are: for the first workshop $15, for the second $12.50, with regular students limited to two workshops. There are reduced fees for auditors. Living accommodations are available in dormitories at reasonable rates.

Among the staff members are Peter Taylor, John Bartlow Martin, Richard Eberhart, and Marjorie Flack.

A special workshop will be held in radio and television.

MEXICO CITY WRITING CENTER, allied with Mexico City College, Chiapas 136, Mexico, D.F., Margaret Shedd, director, holds four quarter sessions beginning June, October, January, and April, with special emphasis on the summer and fall sessions, the dates of which this year are June 19-August 24 and October 1-December 15.

Tuition is $100 a quarter in American currency. Board and room are available at from 355 to 400 pesos, or $40 to $46. Tourist cards good for six months cost $2 and an automobile may be brought in with this card. Student visas good for a longer stay cost about $8.

Assistants to Miss Shedd for the summer session will include Moss Jerry Olson, Neal Smith, Ramon Xirau, Jose Luis Martinez, Rudolfo Usigli, and others. The special guest will be Katharine Dunham, who will lead a study of the relation between folk narrative and folk dance rhythms.

There will also be a short intensive session from August 1 to 21 on commercial writing, with the tuition $35.

Edith Mirriclees, editor of the *Pacific Spectator* and lecturer on the short story, will be present at the fall session.

Miss Shedd may be reached for further information at the College or at 1616 La Vereda, Berkeley, Calif.

MARLBORO COLLEGE CONFERENCE ON FICTION, under the auspices of Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vt., Walter Hendricks, president of the College, co-director with Edmund Fuller, John Farrar, consultant, began in 1949. The dates this year are August 19-September 1.

Expenses: the fee for tuition, room, conferences, and evening lectures is $125 or $140 for single accommodations. An advance payment of $50, to be deducted from the total fee, is payable on acceptance of an application. Manuscripts must be submitted in advance.

The staff includes Margaret Petheridge Farrar, Mavis McIntosh, Frederic Babcock, Henry Beston, Olin Clark, Elizabeth Coastworth, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Stanley Hyman, Charles Jackson, Shirley Jackson, Leo Lerman, Edward

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Stanley, Theodore Purdy, Ludwig Lewisohn, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth Page, Budd Schulberg, and others.

This is the only conference devoted exclusively to fiction.

MISSOURI WRITERS WORKSHOP, sponsored by the *Department of English* and the *School of Journalism* of the University of Missouri at Columbia, with William Peden as director, was started in 1947 and will be held this year June 18-23.

Expenses: tuition for one workshop $15, including manuscript reading, with a charge of $10 for each additional workshop. Room and board may be had in a new dormitory for $25.

The staff includes Virgil Scott, Alan Swallow, L. V. Jacks, and John Gunnell. Among the lecturers are James Farrell, Matthew Head, John G. Neihardt, and Donald Drummond.

MONTANA WRITERS CONFERENCE AND REGIONAL ARTS ROUNDUP, under the auspices of Montana State University, Joseph Kinsey Howard, director, was started in 1949. This year's dates are July 23-August 10. Sessions are held on the University campus in Missoula and at historic Virginia City, site of the University's summer *theatre in nineteenth-century drama.*

Tuition is $25, and campus housing is available at low rates.

The staff includes Naomi Lane Babson, Grace and Olive Barnett, Norman A. Fox, Leslie Fiedler, Mildred Walker, and Dale White, with a number of visiting lecturers to be added.

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Durham, was begun in 1938, and Carroll S. Towle is its chairman. The 1951 dates are August 13-24.

Expenses: tuition, contributors, entire conference, $45; one week $28.50; auditors, entire conference $37.50; one week $21; registration fee $5, payable in advance. Room and board may be had for the special rate of $23.50 for the session, the rooms in a dormitory and the meals in the university cafeteria. A limited number of tuition scholarships are available.

Among the staff members are Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Loyd Haberly, Elizabeth Yates, Herschel Brickell, Ella Bowles, William and Elva Harris, Marjorie Fischer, Shirley Barker, Margaret Coit, Donald Batcheller, Edmund Cortez, Barbara Frost, and Frederick Packard.

SEMINARS ON AMERICAN CULTURE OF THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, which began in 1947, will be held July 5-12 in Cooperstown, N. Y. Louis C. Jones is the director.

Eight courses will be offered this year in such subjects as The Historical Museum, The

SRL'S GUIDE TO WRITERS' SUMMER CONFERENCES

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- **Lecturers:** Meyer Berger, Bob Considine, Allen Tate, Caroline Gordon, John Kieran, Red Smith, T. S. Matthews, Covelle Newcomb, Walter Kerr, Robert Giroux and others.
- **Address:** Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., director Journalism and Creative Writing Division.

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For complete information, address:
JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, English Department
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Exceptional staff of professional writers to conduct workshops, Scholarships available. For particulars, address
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Robert Giroux (Editor, Harcourt, Brace Publishing Co.)
John T. Frederick (former editor, *The Midland; American Literature; Good Writing; Reading for Writing*)
Richard Sullivan *(First Citizen; The World of Idella May; The Fresh and Open Sky)*
John Frederick Nims *(The Iron Pastoral; A Fountain in Kentucky)*
Henry Volkening (Literary agent and critic)
Fees: Any single Workshop, $10.00—All 3 Workshops, $25.00. Room, $10.00.
Room and Board facilities available on the campus for both men and women.
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(This contest is NOT limited to first novels.)

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Historical Society, History of American Folk Decoration, Early American Decoration, and American Folk Song.

The seminar on The Regional Writer of Non-Fiction will be a practical course for writers in this field and will include a survey of markets. Classes meet for two hours each day, and the fee is $25, which includes membership in the New York Historical Society.

The staff for this seminar will consist of Carl Carmer, chairman, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Vernon A. Ives, publisher of Holiday House books, Croswell Bowen, Constance Noyes Robertson, and Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME WRITERS CONFERENCE was begun in 1949, and the dates this year are June 25-30. Thomas G. Cassidy is the director.

Expenses: any single workshop $10, all three $25 (the workshops will be in fiction, poetry, and the teaching of creative writing). Room and board may be had on the campus, a room alone costing $10.

The staff includes Jessamyn West, Robert Giroux, John T. Frederick, Richard Sullivan, and John Frederick Nims.

OHIO VERSE-WRITERS CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the Ohio Poetry Society, will meet May 5 at Wooster for a one-day session under the direction of the state president, Mrs. Maude Miller Girardeau. There will be talks on lyric poetry by Mae Winkler Goodman, on free verse by Professor Harry Brown of Western Reserve University, and on What the Older Poets Have to Offer Us by Professor Charles Moore of Wooster College. Loring Williams, editor of *American Weave*, will discuss poetry From the Editor's Side of the Desk.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under the auspices of the University of Oklahoma's English Department and Extension Division, Norman, W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), director, began in 1938 with a one-day session. The dates this year are June 5-8.

This meeting grew out of the work done in professional writing under Professor Campbell and his assistants. Tuition is $5, and room and board are available on the campus at moderate rates. Fees for manuscript reading are arranged between the student and his instructor.

The staff includes Augustus Thorndike, Jr., William Hart, Paul Reynolds, Dr. E. E. Dale, Gladys Bellamy, Hattie Bell Allen, Clark Gray, Maxine Clark, Ennen Reeves Hall, and Foster Harris of the University faculty, with others to be announced.

OMAHA WRITERS CONFERENCE, L. V. Jacks, chairman, began six years ago and will hold its meeting this year June 1-3, all sessions being at the Hotel Paxton. Complete programs will shortly be available. Mr. Jacks may be reached at Creighton College, Omaha, Neb.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS CONFERENCE, Florence Kerrigan, president, will be held June 20-22, with writers' clubs in the area cooperating. Details may be had by writing to Mildred Bair Lissfelt, 4 South Highland Avenue, Abington, Pa. Mrs. Lissfelt is editor of the conference's magazine, *Prescript*.

Expenses: workshops are $2 each, night lectures $1.50 each, two for $2.50. Four workshops and two lectures $9; five workshops and two lectures $10.75. Pre-Conference dinner, June 20, $4.25.

Prizes will be awarded in various categories.

The staff includes Katharine Bregy, Earl T. Crooker, William Grover, Barbara Snedeker Bates, William Miksch, Cecelia Gray, Claire Wallis, Paul Griffith, Dorothea Cornwall, and Robert Oberfirst. Among the evening lecturers will be Sprague D. Camp and Edward Shenton.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR WRITERS, held under the auspices of the English Department of the University of Pittsburgh, Edwin L. Peterson, director, is in its sixth year. This year's dates are April 26-27.

The general plan is for each visiting staff member to make a prepared speech on the first day of the meeting and to take part in a panel discussion of some phase of writing on the second.

The staff includes John Crowe Ransom, Frank Luther Mott, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Caroline Gordon,

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD WEIGHT *Frank Kane* (Ives Washburn: $2.50)	Johnny Liddell, tough NY private eye, agrees to guard a package for a Chinese unknown and thereby crashes into murder, rackets, with T-men thrown in.	A little too much of detective missing death miraculously too many times—but good fun and good picture of Manhattan; surprise ending well contrived.	Serviceable — with a spark
NIGHT MAN *Lucille Fletcher & Allan Ullman* (Random House: $2.50)	Stella Rhodes, successful executive of city hotel, is frightened by strange elevator man into recall of mother's murder at sleazy seaside resort, creating new nightmares.	Novelized screenplay — plenty of scenes out of Hollywood bin; characters props for Lust, Revenge, Fear routine; suspense dim, psychology dimmer.	Not so hot
STRANGE WELCOME *F. A. Chittenden* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Sentimentally returning to English village, Wexford finds uncle strangled, himself under suspicion, but is in turn suspicious of old neighbors. Inspector Brill digs inexorably into buried motives.	Suspense tripled by being given real local habitation and a name. Characters have existence beyond murder, and detectives are the more skilful because fallible. Sensitive writing.	Engrossing
HOT TIP *Jack Dolph* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Top jockey Johnny Mallo dies in his home sweatbox. Doc Connor doesn't think it accident. Various racing and personal scandals come to light. Doc proves his point.	New York's Broadway and racetrack world combine slickly; Doc is an amiable, intelligent sleuth in interesting set-up; but solution confused and lacking logic.	Rather fun

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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Lawrence Lee, and literary agent Henry Volkening.

A COURSE IN PUBLISHING PROCEDURES AT RADCLIFFE COLLEGE will be held this year from June 25 to August 3.

The Women's National Book Association is offering a scholarship for the full six weeks, open to women college graduates. Applications must be submitted by May 1. Further information may be had from Helen Parker at the Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y., or Edith Meyer at the Abingdon Cokesbury Press, 150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, 406 Carancahua, Corpus Christi, Texas, headquarters at the Hotel Robert Driscoll, was begun in 1943 under the sponsorship of The Byliners, and this year's dates are June 2-5. Dee Woods is director.

Expenses: auditors, privileged to enter one manuscript in the contests, with a number of prizes offered totaling $1000, $12, contributors, who receive criticism of their manuscripts, $25.

Registration is limited to 300.

Among those taking part in the program will be Josephina Niggli, Harnett T. Kane, Lon Tinkle, J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Dr. Rudolph Kieve, Dr. Don Ward, Emilie and Fritz Topperwein, Van Chandler, and a number of others. Literary editors to be present include James Farber of the Hearst Papers and the King Features Syndicate, Kenneth Rockwell, Margaret Young, Gerald Ashford, Eddie Cope, and C. A. Benson, besides Mr. Tinkle.

WRITERS CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, Salt Lake City, Brewster Ghiselin, director, began in 1947 and will be held this year June 18-29.

Expenses: fees are $30 for full members (contributors) and $22.50 for auditors. For book-length manuscripts an additional $12 is charged. Room and board are available in a dormitory at from $15 to $18 a week, and other accommodations may be had. Evening lectures and workshops on June 25 only are available at a fee of $4 for evening lectures, $2 each for workshops.

The staff includes George R. Stewart, Karl Shapiro, and Oliver LaFarge, with others to be announced.

THE LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS INSTITUTE will be held in connection with the University of Vermont's summer session, on July 17 and 18. Further information may be had from Mrs. L. F. Dow, 155 Cliff St., Burlington, Vt.

THE SCHOOL OF MODERN CRITICAL STUDIES will be held at the University of Vermont for the first time this year, the dates being June 18-29. Enrollment is limited to sixty undergraduate and graduate students, and the deadline for applications is May 15. Further information may be had from John W. Aldridge, director, English Department, at the University in Burlington.

Twelve advance seminar courses will be offered in the criticism of the work of Dostoievsky, James, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Wolfe, Auden, Hemingway, and Anderson.

The staff will include R. P. Blackmur, Malcolm Cowley, Norman Holmes Pearson, David Daiches, Elizabeth Drew, and Irving Howe.

WRITERS INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN will be held this year June 12-August 17 in connection with the summer session of the University, with Professor Paul Fulcher, Baseom Hall, Madison, in charge.

Courses will be given in the short story, the novel, and creative writing. Candidates for enrollment should state their writing experience and if possible send in one or two manuscripts.

Expenses: session fee $60. Housing is available in college halls, sororities, and private homes.

Ronald E. Mitchell, Theatre Director of the University, and Mari Sandoz are on the staff.

SUMMER WORKSHOP IN THE CREATIVE ARTS of the University of Wyoming, Laramie, June 18-July 20, Allan Willman, chairman.

Courses will be offered in a variety of subjects, including music, art, the dance, and art appreciation.

In literature Mark Schorer and John Ciardi will make up the staff. Joseph Langland is director of the University's regular courses in creative writing.

Details of the Maine Writers Conference at Ocean Park did not arrive in time to be included in this article. Information may be had from Adelbert M. Jakeman, advisory chairman, Ocean Park. Last year's meeting was held August 3 and 4.

Herschel Brickell has served on the staff of several writers' conferences, is editor of "The O. Henry Memorial Prize Short Stories," and was editor and part-author of "Writers on Writing, How to Write, How to Sell."

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THE FINE ARTS

MASTERPIECES OF DRAWING

"I LIKE drawings," said Gertrude Stein on several occasions, "but they do not hold my attention." This is one of the great lady's less enviable pronouncements. One admires its frankness, of course. But it reveals a serious visual limitation, which in her case extended to sculpture, drawing's three-dimensional corollary. ("She does not like sculpture and told Lipschitz so," Miss Stein recorded in her autobiography.) Her own collection consisted mainly of oil paintings. These she chose superbly until the later years of her life. At that point her taste seems to have declined as sharply as it had ascended, and on minor figures like Picabia and Sir Francis Rose she lavished a devotion once saved for giants like Picasso and Juan Gris. Considering how few collectors or critics really appreciate more than one or at most two generations of living artists, perhaps it is unfair to suggest that her sense of quality might have been more consistent and lasting if drawings *had* held her attention. For drawing, as Ingres declared, is the "probity" of art. Through all its transmutations of program and style it furnishes an invaluable clue as to what a given artist is about, a basic indication of his conscience and gifts.

That fact does not make drawings easier for many people to like, and those eager for the excitement of color often have an especially difficult time. For this reason I admire all the more the courage of Pocket Books, Inc., in publishing an initial edition of 225,000 copies of "The Pocket Book of Great Drawings," the sixth and most recent volume in their series on art. The book sells for thirty-five cents and, like the previous titles, will be handled by drug and general stores throughout the land, not merely by bookshops. Apparently the system works, since almost 1,500,000 copies of the first five books in the series have been sold. I startle and grow dizzy when confronted with such large figures. But I think we must accept gratefully the contention of the publishers that their sales prove the existence of a huge audience in this country for extremely inexpensive art books.

What is especially commendable about the new volume on drawings is that its text has been written and its plates chosen by a very eminent authority—Professor Paul J. Sachs, of the Fogg Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor Sachs has done more than anyone else, I believe, to raise the sights of the museum profession in this country, to insist on and inspire his students to accept the highest qualitative standards as to both research and acquisition policy. He is a specialist in the graphic arts, as everyone will know who has seen the monumental catalogue of the Fogg Museum's superb collection of drawings, prepared by Agnes Mongan and himself (Harvard University Press, second edition, 2 vols. $25). It is impossible to do better a book of this serious, invaluable kind; I always feel in studying it that our art scholarship at its top level now rivals that of the greatest European centers.

But preparing a catalogue of a museum collection is a different matter from compiling "The Pocket Book of Great Drawings," and one naturally wondered whether standards could be maintained in a book designed to win attention away from double cokes and Perry Mason. I also wondered how seriously determined were Pocket Books to give their readers authoritative texts. Of the first five titles, James Thomas Flexner's "The Pocket Book of American Painting" is a solid work, prepared by a qualified art historian, an expert in this field. I regret to say that I have not had time to read the two books by Herman J. Wechsler—"The Pocket Book of Old Masters" and "Gods and Goddesses in Art and Legend"; I am told they are admirable. But the two remaining works in the series are by Thomas Craven, a skilled journalist, admittedly, but a critic whose chauvinistic and bullying bad taste was one of the most depressing developments in the American art scene during the 1930's. His special target used to be modern art in all its authentic forms. And now in writing about the Greeks, of all people—"The Pocket Book of Greek Art"—Thomas Craven rides again:

> In the modern world of Bing Crosby and Joe DiMaggio, of television, the comic strip, and the automobile, the art of sculpture is a dead duck. No one needs or uses it, and such intrepid souls as pursue modeling and carving and casting are the most hapless of God's children.

Has Mr. Craven any idea how many people in Paris try to buy from Brancusi the sculptures that master refuses to sell? Doesn't he know that almost everything Henry Moore produces in England is sold there before completion, that the Italian sculptor Marino Marini sold nearly all the pieces in his first New York one-man show last year? I'm afraid Mr. Craven does not know anything he did not know before about modern art; it would be extremely difficult to shade this estimate.

ANYWAY, in choosing Professor Sachs to write their latest volume Pocket Books have put us heavily in their debt. His text is straightforward and pellucid but is not in any sense written down for his potential audience. Here, for example, are his words on Mantegna: "No other artist can equal his high seriousness or his direct, stern, contained, and majestic grandeur." Perhaps one needs to know Mantegna's art to understand fully how suitable are the adjectives preceding the word "grandeur." Yet I think that even a glance at that master's "Judith with the Head of Holofernes" will confirm their aptness. Professor Sachs's text as a whole abounds in comparable phrases in which scholarly distinctions of aim and quality are combined with lively directness of perception. One feels that the opinions given are both soundly considered and instantly heartfelt—an amalgam still much too rare in writings about esthetic matters.

The plan of Professor Sachs's book is simple and at the same time illuminating. He begins with a plate of a prehistoric cave image, to show how ancient and inevitable is the instinct for drawing. This he follows with a decorated Greek vase and a fourteenth-century wash drawing from China and quite properly points out that later works have not excelled these at their special virtues. But in terms of sustained eloquence the section of drawings by Italian masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries provides a climax. From Pisanello to Tintoretto the great images follow one another with majestic certainty, and only the one by Perugino seems to me slightly out of its class, though I admit to a blind spot regarding that artist's talents in general.

The Italian tradition ends in the book with a superb drawing by Tiepolo, perhaps its last absolute master. And on the opposite page—for-

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tuitous encounter — we begin over again with Schongauer's late Gothic "Virgin and Child," followed by exquisite works by the luminaries of the North from the fifteenth through the seventeenth centuries: Dürer, Grünewald, Hans Baldung Grien, and Holbein the Younger from Germany; Van Eyck, Bruegel, Rubens, and Rembrandt from the Netherlands. These among others. And, finally, the book reproduces a remarkable selection of French drawings from Fouquet to Degas including, I was happy to find, works by Géricault and Delacroix, as fine as those of Ingres though utterly different in kind. Only one Spanish drawing is reproduced: a Goya. I wish there could have been a few more. Even though the Spanish tradition in graphic art has not been as dominant as that of Italy, the North, and France, it has after all produced the most vital draftsman of our own century—Pablo Picasso.

The important thing is that the book has been done and done well. One hopes it will justify its publisher's courage. If it does we shall know that American taste has fully outgrown the Victorian tyranny of the hand-painted oil, a tyranny to which even so bold and creative a figure as Gertrude Stein was apparently subject. —James Thrall Soby.

The Braces Were Embroidered

DECORATIVE ART OF VICTORIA'S ERA. By Frances Lichten. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 274 pp. $12.50.

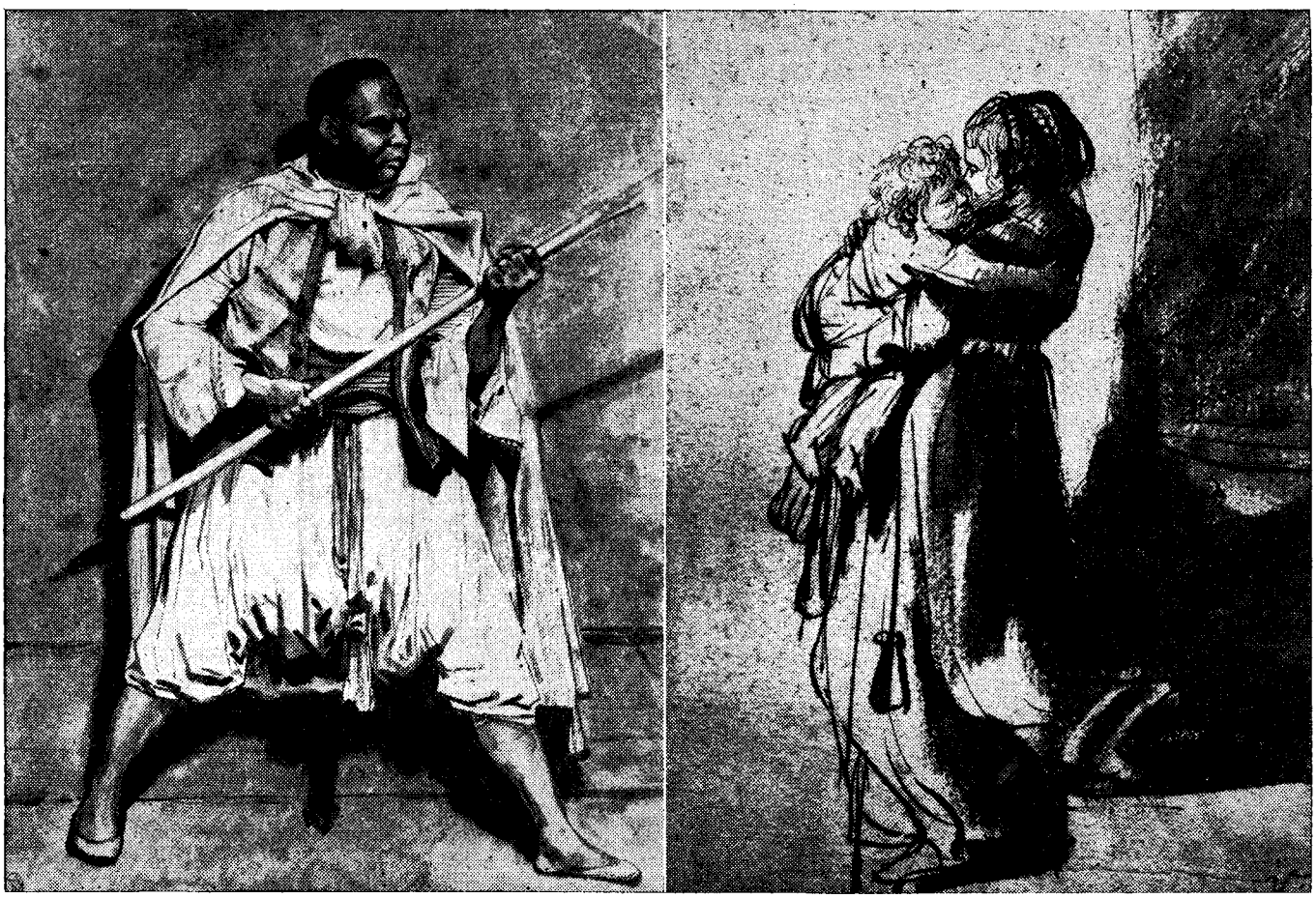
By Ernest Pickering

HERE is a story of an English girl, born early in the nineteenth century, who shortened her double name of Alexandrina Victoria to the now-familiar Victoria. Here is a story of a Queen who ruled the English-speaking world—much of it politically and all of it esthetically. Here is a name that became a symbol of nineteenth-century art, conduct, and life in America as well as in England.

There is ample reason for writing a book about any phase of that important period spanned by the life of Victoria Regina, a lady who clung to her queenly prerogatives for so many decades that Edward VII had only a few years to rule as King and Emperor. During the long reign of this indomitable woman the Industrial Revolution produced many inventions and material improvements; during these years the decorative elements of houses, furnishings, and art objects lost the uncompromising angularity of the Greek Revival and acquired the soft curves of the Victorian. Therefore this discussion of the art of Victoria's era has importance as a portrayal of the changing social conditions of much of the nineteenth century.

The favorable impression created by a casual turning of the pages of this book is substantiated by a later reading. The many pages of interesting text and intriguing illustrations present a panorama of many decades of American life, as Victorian influence created an artistic yoke to replace the political ties abandoned by this young nation only a few decades earlier. The format of the book suggests the nature of the contents; the chapter headings ("Albums") are formed of decorative block letters entwined with the flowers and vines so popular during the period. A whole world of floral beauty is presented as evidence that pioneer life had moved westward and that there was time in the East for esthetic pursuits. An interest in botany and gardening was a sign of culture; here are shown engravings of the mignonette, heliotrope, and pansy.

Victorians always sought to escape from nineteenth-century sordidness into the romance of the past; Gothic



—From "The Pocket Book of Great Drawings."

"Negro Soldier Holding a Lance," by Theodore Géricault, and "Woman Carrying a Child Downstairs," by Rembrandt van Rijn.

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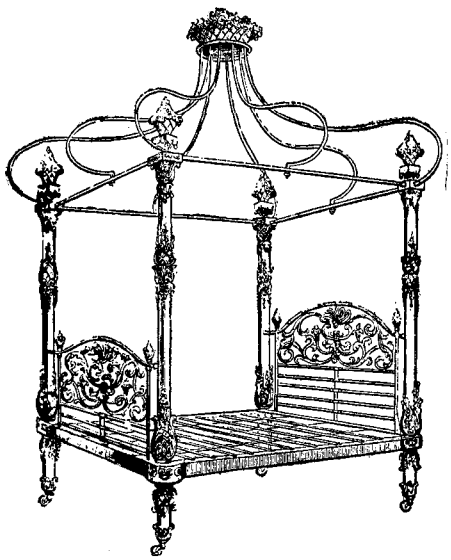
revival houses with gingerbread decoration were brought from across the seas to make life in the smoky mill towns of America more cheerful. Shown in these houses are the memorabilia of the back parlor — the love seats, rosewood chairs, and console tables, all enriched with lambrequins, antimacassars, cushions, and pin cushions. There are statuettes of classical ladies supporting gas lighting fixtures, while stags at bay pose in cross stitch and cast iron.

The feminine side of Victorian life is very much in evidence, as the shallow existence of well-bred ladies is portrayed with words and pictures. It is pointed out that the activities of maidens and matrons were generally restricted to music, needlework, polite conversation, and discreet picnics. The young ladies in the illustrations, whether seated on rustic benches or at work decorating knickknacks, were patterned after the heroines of Sir Walter Scott's poems. Their downcast eyes recall the modesty demanded by the strict conventions of the period. Their dress is presented in pages from *Godey's Lady's Book*. We know that men existed during the nineteenth century, but here except for the buildings and furniture which they created they remain in the background. Their personal lives are only suggested by Embroidered Braces and Crocheted Tobacco Pouches.

The book is recommended to those who would become more familiar with the sentimental decorative art of the nineteenth century and to those who would like to compare the ornate surfaces of Victorian objects with the slick treatment of contemporary art and architecture.

Ernest Pickering is dean of the School of Applied Arts at the University of Cincinnati.



—From "Victorian, the Cinderella of Antiques."

Style and the Magic of Form

THE MEANING OF BEAUTY. By Eric Newton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 205 pp. $3.50.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE ARTS. By Morris Weitz. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 239 pp. $4.

By Heinrich Blücher

THE LAST word in fundamental philosophical thought on art was Nietzsche's demand for a Grand Style (*der Grosse Stil*)—the wish to see the arts, which had been reduced in the absence of a style in the nineteenth century to purely individual relevance, regain their community relevance. It seems almost ironic that it should be in our fearful times that the Grand Style has made its reappearance. Whatever may be the issue of the struggles now going on, one thing is certain—our best spirit has erected an enormous edifice, the cosmopolitan style, which encompasses all forms, past and present, of man's artistic experience. Art has emerged once more as an essential of life and is proving its indestructible relations to the whole of human existence.

Both Eric Newton and Morris Weitz fail to consider this central problem and thereby miss the significance of style in art. Yet they are both passionately concerned with the modern art movement, and both have valuable and real contributions to make to its study.

Morris Weitz, professor of philosophy at Vassar College, has not exactly written a philosophy of the arts, but he has given us a good guide through the jungle of modern esthetics. He brushes aside unjustifiable intrusions of other sciences, clears up confusions, preserves genuine discoveries of others, adds some of his own, and interprets works of art with artistic feeling. His "organic theory of the arts" fails to destroy the distinction between content and form, but his intention to do so makes sense. Here is his definition of a work of art, which he naively supposes is also a definition of art itself: "Every work of art is an organic complex, presented in a sensuous medium, which complex is composed of elements, their expressive characteristics, and the relations obtaining among them." This is probably all that the science of esthetics can do for the understanding of art, but, little as it may seem, it does give both beholder and critic a useful tool for getting into a work of art without taking it apart and encourages an attitude of contemplation or rather of respectful observation.

But in this formulation the scholar stares the original miracle in the face without seeing it—he himself has hidden it behind a cloud of scientific definition and reduced it to an astonishing performance. Whatever "organic complex" may mean, philosophically speaking the work of art is a Whole, a most fantastic kind of thing. We face an apparition of beauty achieved by the magic of form, and the question is how such a thing is possible at all. And here, facing form and beauty, all philosophical thinking about the arts begins again.

The well-known British critic Eric Newton wants to know just one small thing: the meaning of beauty. He thinks it impolite to approach such a lady scientifically, so he uses a homespun philosophical approach—he tries to engage her in conversation. Since he does not see the "community relevance" of style and does not consider that modern art has a specific style he bogs down in old philosophical esthetics and fails. But what a pursuit! I cannot discuss here the well-chosen illustrations or the brilliant interpretation of Veronese's "Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine." How well worth our while to go along with the hunter and catch a glimpse of the lovely elusive game, to see that "veil that hangs between the world of the mind and the world of reality" and the artist "lifting for us his corner of the veil" by the power of his love for this particular piece of the world. Here at least is a hint of the real contemplation, for to be thrown by art into the middle of the meaning of life is not an esthetic but a genuine artistic experience.

Filled with love for art, this is a lovable book. One cannot help but like the man who says straight into the face of the arrogant common man that not he but the most sensitive man is a fit judge for art. One must congratulate a man who can give modern technicians a clever lecture on the unbelievable skill that goes into a painting and respect the man who demands that the critic looking at an artist's work ask himself: "What things will never be the same again now that I have seen his work?"

The recommendations of this reviewer are: Weitz's book to the scholars of art, Newton's book to the public that appreciates art, both books to lovers of art, and each book to the author of the other.

Heinrich Blücher is a lecturer on the philosophy of art at New York's New School for Social Research.

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Art Book Notes

THE WORK OF OSCAR NIEMEYER. By Stamo Papadaki. Reinhold. $8.50. No matter if the exact contribution of Oscar Niemeyer to the UN building can't be assessed in a sentence, the history of the UN project being almost as complicated as that of our national capitol, this Brazilian is, for all that, one of the most prominent architects of our time. Stamo Papadaki's excellently illustrated study contains sharp photographs and plans of the Ministry of Education building at Rio and of the yacht club, casino, restaurant, and church at Pampulha—in short, of all the buildings which have won for Niemeyer an international reputation as the most brilliant disciple of Le Corbusier.

Since the photographs and plans speak for themselves, as all good photographs and plans should, many readers won't mind that Papadaki hasn't gone into detail concerning the brise-soleil, or movable exterior sunshade, the innovation for which Niemeyer has been most famous. But it might have been helpful if Papadaki had told us that the idea originated with Le Corbusier in an unexecuted project for Barcelona—not that Niemeyer deserves any less credit for its introduction into Brazil. And Americans, who know, after all, less than nothing about Brazilian politics, might like to have heard just how Niemeyer managed to win the commissions he needed from the Brazilian Government.

Those Americans who have seen something of Brazil may be inclined to question Papadaki's assertion that the monuments of Niemeyer stand in "harmonious coexistence" with the remains of the Portuguese baroque; but no two architects will be likely to agree when it comes to blending landscape and buildings, and romantics wouldn't be romantics if they didn't occasionally dare to defy the scenery surrounding the dreams from their drafting boards.

—Wayne Andrews.

THE SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF GREECE. By Gisella M. A. Richter. Yale. $15. In her preface to the first edition of this book Miss Richter pointed out that Greek sculpture is a theme so vast it cannot be adequately encompassed by the interpretation of any one individual nor can it ever become a closed subject. Now, twenty years after the last revision her book remains as useful and reliable as ever, for she has again brought it up to date by incorporating the latest archeological findings. The new edition is all the more welcome because the work has been out of print for some time.

Miss Richter's text is illuminated by 775 photographs, a carefully revised bibliography, and a chronology of outstanding Greek sculpture. The introductory chapter, which sketches in the historical background, contains two useful maps. "The Sculpture and Sculptors of Greece" is one of the finest achievements of a scholar who presided over the Department of Classical Art at the Metropolitan Art for almost a quarter of a century and has to her credit a score of standard works on classical art.

—L. R. Sander.

VICTORIAN, THE CINDERELLA OF ANTIQUES. By Carl W. Drepperd. Doubleday. $3.95. It has long been disputed among collectors whether the decorative arts made after 1830 can rightfully be called antique. Carl Drepperd in this book supports the side which upholds the esthetics of the Victorian era, the arts which the author claims should be called "Second Baroque" because of their French origin. His argument may be right, though its importance is as niggling as the dispute over Chinese Export Porcelain, which many incorrectly called Oriental Lowestoft.

It is difficult to get enthusiastic over pitchers made to imitate Niagara Falls or vine-covered trees, spittoons cast to resemble opening acanthus leaves, chairs made to look like vineyards, with leaves for legs (one would always be in fear of squashing a grape), or sofas with three humps on their backs appearing like distorted camels. The massive rosewood furniture of the period is often so ornately carved with fat and unattractive cherubs (a favorite device), leaves, flowers, and useless geometrical embellishments as to defy the dust rag.

Mr. Drepperd's anecdote about the wife and daughter of a newly-rich ship owner illustrates the frantic attempt at an elegant culture. Rebuking her daughter for extending her little finger while eating an ice, the mother exclaimed, "Penelope, . . . that elegancy of form is used only when eating caviar."

Mr. Drepperd has compiled pictures from many of the catalogues and advertisements from the magazines and local papers, which should be an aid to anyone who considers it necessary

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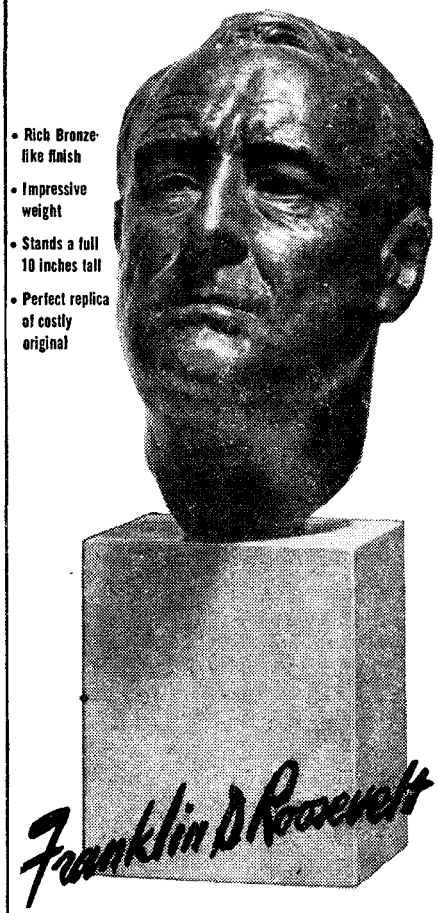

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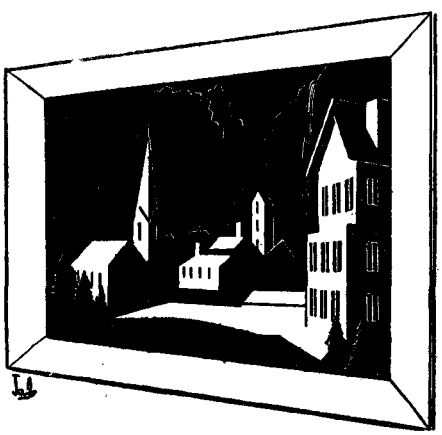
to study and collect the "Second Baroque." —RLENE L. HOWELL.

WILLIAM STRICKLAND. By Agnes Addison Gilchrist. University of Pennsylvania Press. $10. As any real-estate promoter could tell you, there just is no demand today for Grecian mansions, Gothic cottages, Italian villas, or any of the architectural types which were the very last word in the America of a hundred years ago. But even if the ranch-house style should prove to be the answer to all the problems of the families now crowding into our suburbs, there is no good reason why we shouldn't glance at the achievements of the romantic era. Serious students of American architecture ought not to be the only ones to appreciate this excellently documented and scholarly study of William Strickland. A designer who doubled as an engineer, Strickland was, if not the greatest, at least one of the most important architects of his day.

Unlike his mighty rival Alexander Jackson Davis, who never tired of reading Gothic novels or of urging businessmen to build Gothic castles, Strickland was occasionally troubled by the suspicion that the romantic approach to architecture failed to fill functional needs. "It becomes a difficult task for an architect to preserve *all* the characteristics of a Grecian temple," he lamented.

Functional or not, the Bank was a noble building, and Strickland, who was only thirty-seven in 1819, the year the cornerstone was laid, went on to create a number of the most significant monuments of the early nineteenth century, including the Philadelphia Exchange and the Capitol building of Tennessee. When not at the drafting board he was likely to be drawing up reports on canals and railroads for canny politicos. These documents, like everything Strickland wrote, are well worth reading today. One can't help wishing that Mrs. Gilchrist had done us the favor of republishing all of her hero's writings, but that, of course, is the same thing as crying for more. —W. A.



U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 18)

by public-spirited citizens' groups Ryan has one stock answer: they would expose the vital harbor industries and their 100,000 workers to capture by "Communist" leadership. True, the Communists have repeatedly tried to bore from within and throw out Ryan's crowd by pressing for rank-and-file democratic action. But, oddly enough, social-minded priests active in labor's Catholic wing, through the ACTU, have worked vigorously toward the same end, while making frequent public charges that it is Ryan's dictatorship which breeds Communism.

Meanwhile the industrialists of shipping—whose port activities form a most profitable end of the business—give silent, solid support to Ryan's ancient regime. Off the record (as this reviewer has found) they express acceptance of the reign of terror as a lesser evil. Thus the typical manager of big port enterprises, like Joe Ryan, gives money to his church and is good to his family, but for annual profit's sake, as Malcolm Johnson says, "permits theft, extortion, and murder to take place on his property and in his business." The author, a man of moderate views, is therefore led to the sad conclusion that, under such circumstances, "our basic concepts of business morality must be challenged."

Matthew Josephson, author of "The Politicos" and "The President Makers," wrote about waterfront labor conditions for Collier's *several years ago.*

The Doctor Looks Around

SANTA CLAUS, M.D. By W. W. Bauer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 266 pp. $2.75.

By ALBERT DEUTSCH

FOR MANY years the genial author of this book remained an island of serenity at the American Medical Association headquarters in Chicago, where most of his jittery colleagues seemed obsessed with the "socialized medicine" bogey. As the AMA's health education director the good doctor (not to be confused with his fiercely polemical namesake in the AMA, Dr. Louis H. Bauer) conducted useful programs and wrote informative books for laymen, unmoved by the phobic passions that gripped his associates. Now, in this book he makes what he calls his "first venture into the controversial arena." It is not a happy venture.

Dr. Bauer's book is subtitled on the front jacket, "Your doctor's criticism of 'socialized' medicine and his own constructive twelve-point program for safeguarding and improving YOUR health." Written in the folksy style of a cracker-barrel disputant, the book advances the stock AMA arguments against national health insurance and elaborates the latest AMA program involving medical economics, chronic illness, hospital facilities, research, rural health problems, and so on. The arguments are heavily sugar-coated by Dr. Bauer and served up with disarming good humor. This AMA apologist doesn't see in every national health insurance advocate a dupe or stooge of Stalin or the devil's disciple.

This would be a good book for the layman if its arguments were as soundly based in fact as they are warmly wrapped in wit. But, alas, the book, while containing much useful information, is replete with amazing and sometimes amusing errors and contradictions. Being honest, Dr. Bauer heaps praise on those Federal health agencies that he has observed. Of the U. S. Public Health Service, which would supervise the national health insurance system if and when adopted, he says: "This is one of the Government departments you ought to be proud of. You owe it a lot." He notes that the Food and Drug Administration "has done a wonderful job in your behalf." He bestows some kudos on the Children's Bureau. All three are within the Federal Security Agency, which also administers social security and other national welfare programs. His praise does not deter Dr. Bauer from stating: "Health and welfare do not mix and never have."

Pursuing the suggestive title, the book repeatedly states that national health insurance means "free medicine"; it should be obvious to all that health insurance is no more "free" than any other form of insurance. Dr. Bauer notes that compulsory health insurance is "sometimes inaccurately designated socialized medicine" but then proceeds to use the inaccurate designation himself. The arguments in most of the book rest on the false implication that the proponents of national health insurance see in it a panacea for all medical problems, and

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most of his chapters end with the mocking refrain: "What could compulsory health insurance do to solve this problem?"

The fact, fully documented, is that no leading advocate of Federal health insurance has failed to point out that other steps are needed to cope with problems that can't be met by insurance, *per se* or alone. See, for example, the comprehensive program outlined in Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing's report, "The Nation's Health," in which insurance is only one of many proposals advanced for improving the distribution and quality of medical care. Dr. Bauer, regrettably, echoes the old AMA charge that Ewing in his report deliberately tried to palm off his insurance proposal as a recommendation made by the National Health Assembly in 1948. Actually, Ewing stated conspicuously in his report: "My recommendation of such a program must be clearly understood as in no way expressing the views of the Assembly. It took no position, one way or the other."

The trouble with the AMA apologists, including Dr. Bauer, is that they read one another's propaganda and little else when the insurance issue is concerned. (See the ten-page "reading list on health insurance" appended to Dr. Bauer's book, with scarcely a reference to the other side's literature.) Dr. Bauer obviously has not read the national health insurance bills he derides; else he would have avoided his many distortions and misstatements of their provisions.

Dr. Bauer exercises the cute conceit of identifying the AMA as "your doctor" or simply as "doctors" and "physicians." The current twelve-point program of the AMA—latest in an opportunistic succession—is modestly advanced as "your doctor's program." Just for fun, ask YOUR doctor to spell it out for you. Chances are that he won't have the vaguest notion of what it's all about—save that it's agin "socialized medicine."

Albert Deutsch is the author of a number of books on health and public welfare subjects, including "The Mentally Ill in America," "Our Rejected Children," and "The Shame of the States."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Hardy; Tess of the D'Urbervilles. 2. Kressman Taylor: Address Unknown. 3. Jean Webster: Daddy-Long-Legs. 4. Ibsen: A Doll's House. 5. Maugham: The Letter. 6. William Hazlett Upson: I'm in a Hurry. 7. Richardson: Pamela. 8. Henry James: A Bundle of Letters. 9. Poe: The Purloined Letter. 10. Wilde: Lady Windermere's Fan.

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(Continued on page 50)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Having the nature of alms.	37 103 171 165 59 158 74 7 150 32 / 49 57
B. One of Job's three friends (Bib.).	87 4 160 31 123 97
C. Italian painter and architect; after Raphael, chief master of the Roman school.	159 84 6 1 16 96
D. Boundary or wall separating heaven and hell (Koran; 2 wds.).	117 56 136 5 175 157
E. Womanish.	20 53 151 156 13 63 8 86 98
F. Clatteringly (2 wds.)	90 127 66 115 147 71 81 9 46
G. Exclamation signifying an affirmative answer (comp.).	173 52 36 93 72
H. A lawgiver (Gr. antiquity).	170 78 110 83 106 116 153 132 44 2
I. Immemorial.	137 79 23 102 85 75 43 70
J. One of three paintings by Burne-Jones, based on a Babylonian Juliet.	25 131 15 163 152 60
K. Designating a very old breed of British hound, shaggy, with pendulous ears, etc.	41 33 51 50 80
L. Trouble (2 wds.; fig.).	77 120 92 148 24 69 38 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Tormented (It.; music direction).	48 154 3 108 18 89 82 133
N. With rapacious eagerness.	134 167 138 68 105 21 121 35 12 11
O. American sculptor (1825-92; "Ruth," in Met. Museum, N. Y., etc.).	61 128 17 145 22 177
P. Greek hypophrygian mode (music).	161 139 42 113 64 28
Q. Complete; entire.	125 101 135 112 95
R. To make an impetuous attack.	166 107 140 30
S. Winner, Pulitzer Prize in history, 1924.	174 114 146 168 76 100 143 45
T. Vigilant (3 wds.).	27 40 169 55 126 34 162 104 58 39 / 94
U. Daughter of the Moon ("Hiawatha").	65 73 14 54 19 155 118
V. In a pleasantly mischievous manner.	144 67 124 129 26 91 172 164 88
W. Princedom of William III of England.	149 122 142 176 130 111
X. Irregular space beyond the white ring of a target (archery).	47 10 109 29 141 62 119

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

		1 C	2 H		3 M	4 B	5 D		6 C	7 A		8 E	9 F	10 X	11 N	
12 N	13 E	14 U	15 J	16 C	17 O		18 M	19 U	20 E	21 N	22 O	23 I	24 L	25 J	26 V	27 T
28 P	29 X		30 R	31 B	32 A	33 K	34 T		35 N	36 G	37 A	38 L	39 T		40 T	41 K
42 P	43 I	44 H	45 S	46 F	47 X		48 M	49 A	50 K		51 K	52 G	53 E		54 U	55 T
56 D	57 A		58 T	59 A	60 J	61 O	62 X	63 E	64 P	65 U		66 F	67 V	68 N	69 L	70 I
	71 F	72 G	73 U	74 A	75 I		76 S	77 L	78 H		79 I	80 K	81 F		82 M	83 H
84 C		85 I	86 E	87 B	88 V		89 M	90 F		91 V	92 L	93 G	94 T	95 Q		96 C
97 B		98 E	99 L	100 S	101 Q	102 I	103 A		104 T	105 N	106 H	107 R	108 M		109 X	110 H
111 W	112 Q	113 P	114 S	115 F		116 H	117 D	118 U		119 X	120 L	121 N	122 W	123 B	124 V	125 Q
	126 T	127 F	128 O	129 V	130 W	131 J		132 H	133 M		134 N	135 Q	136 D	137 I		138 N
139 P	140 R	141 X	142 W	143 S	144 V	145 O		146 S	147 F		148 L	149 W	150 A	151 E		152 J
153 H		154 M	155 U	156 E		157 D	158 A	159 C		160 B	161 P	162 T	163 J		164 V	165 A
166 R		167 N	168 S	169 T	170 H	171 A		172 V	173 G	174 S	175 D	176 W	177 O			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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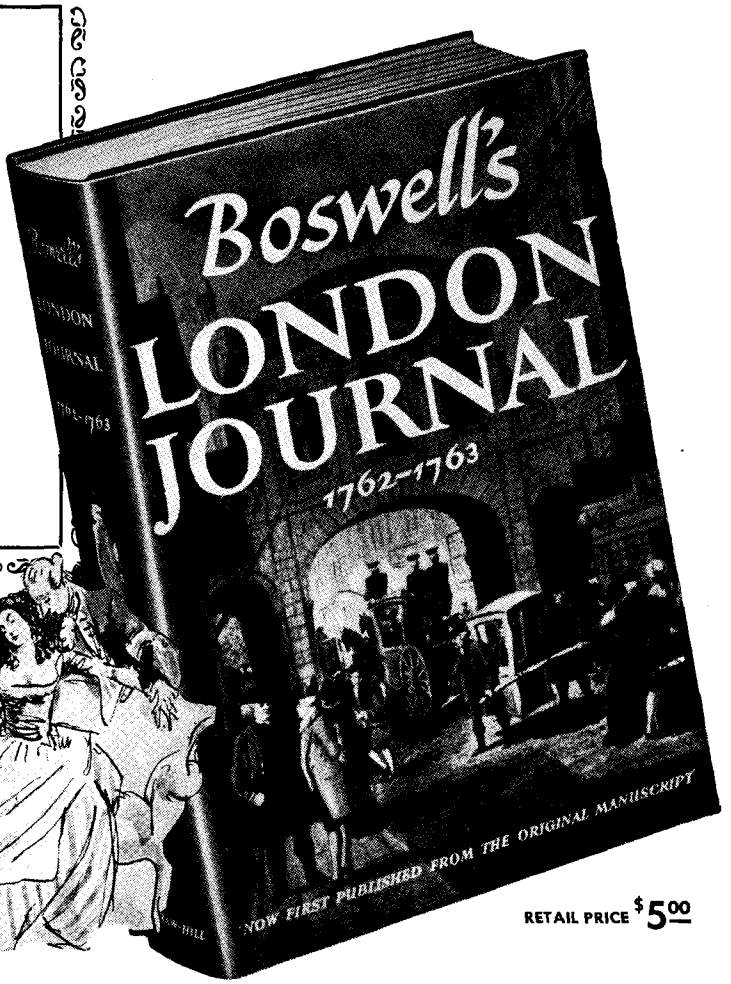

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